# Saturday Review

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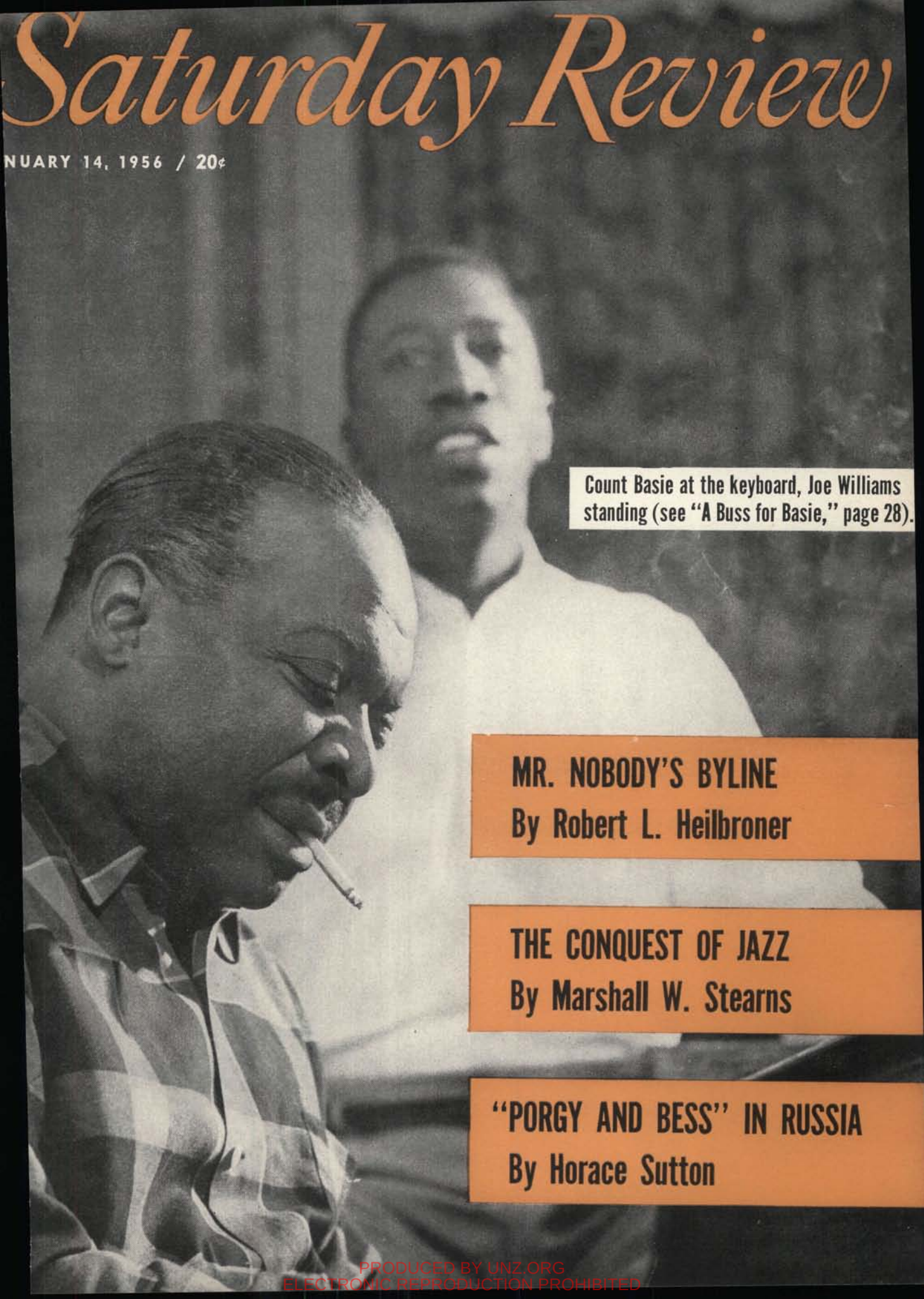

Count Basie at the keyboard, Joe Williams standing (see "A Buss for Basie," page 28).

MR. NOBODY'S BYLINE
By Robert L. Heilbroner

THE CONQUEST OF JAZZ
By Marshall W. Stearns

"PORGY AND BESS" IN RUSSIA
By Horace Sutton

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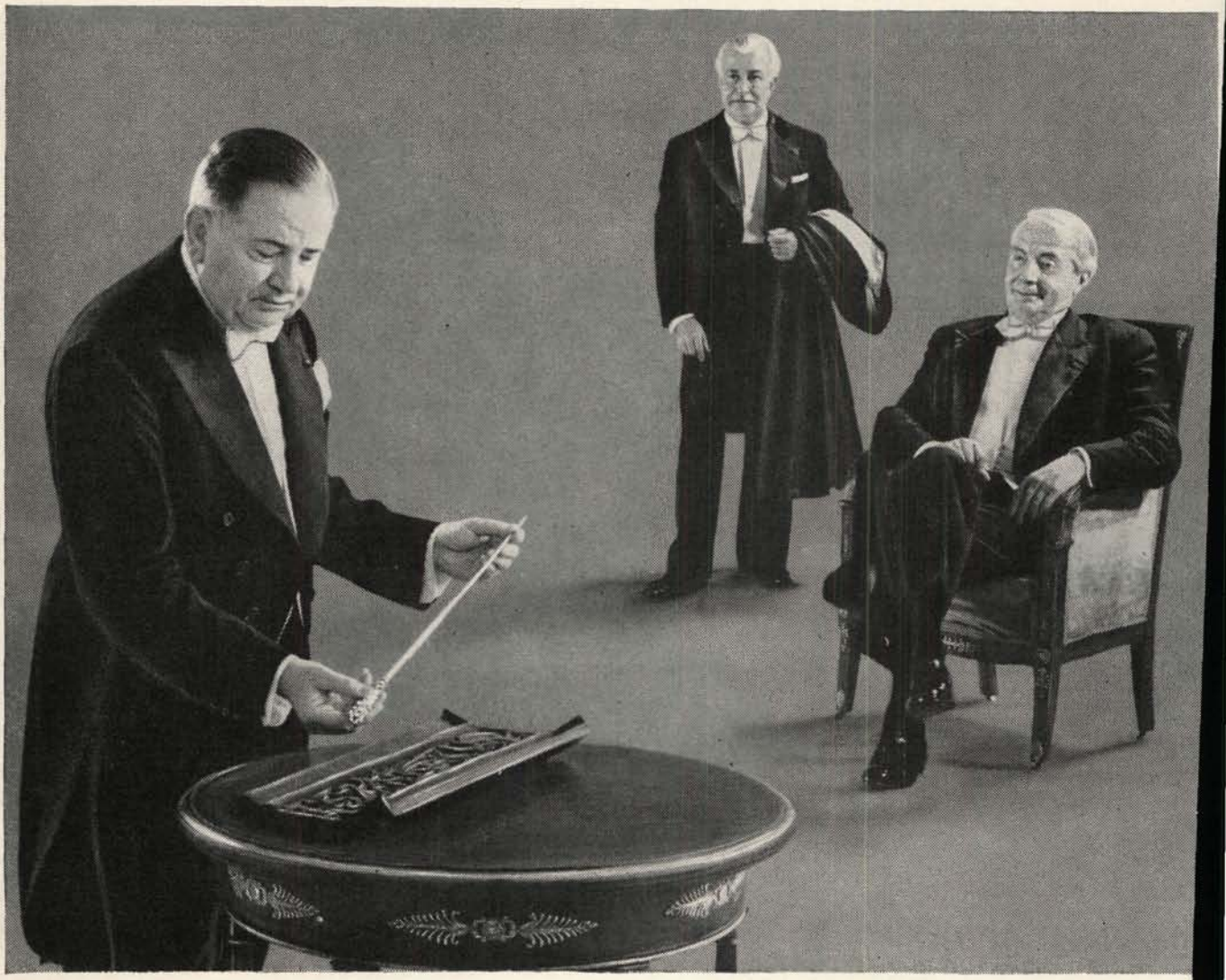
*to Charles Munch, Conductor of the Boston Symphony...*
*to Arthur Fiedler, Conductor of the Boston Pops...*



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# TRADE Winds

## MAN-ABOUT-TOWNS

**THERE ARE OVER** 500 girls enrolled at Salem College and the Academy nearby, and if there's an ugly one in the lot these tired old eyes, to lapse into Woollcottian, failed to single her out. Students ambulate gracefully along corridors and pathways laid out by foresighted Moravians way back in 1786, fastidiously inhaling the tobacco-scented air from the Camel cigarette factory nearby.

The ambulations of one girl were sufficiently spectacular to make me inquire, "Who's that?" (I am always on the lookout for promising young novelists.) "That," said Jess Byrd, my guide, "is Tony Gill, the champion baton twirler of North Carolina." What strange subjects girls major in nowadays! At any rate, Miss Gill obviously seems headed, baton and all, straight for Hollywood.

**REED SARRATT,** editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel,* maintains such a distinguished staff that Alicia Patterson swoops down periodically from her Long Island eyrie to entice somebody away for *Newsday.* Most of his better-heeled subscribers seem to be related in one way or another to R. J. Reynolds, but there's one rank outsider who's so rich he can afford to write novels in free verse.

**BEFORE I LEFT** Winston-Salem I had a real treat. Claude Strickland and "Tag" Montague took me to a tobacco auction. The auctioneer, chanting unintelligibly (just like the TV commercial!) walked rapidly past neatly stacked piles of raw tobacco, followed by some thirty men who didn't seem to pay any attention to him whatever. Yet when we reached the far end of the warehouse I was told he just had sold over $20,000 worth of high-grade leaf. "Is it true," I asked, "that the best tobacco unfailingly goes to one superior company?" "Son," was the auctioneer's indulgent reply, "that's a lot of balderdash" (or words to that effect).

**I TARRIED LONG** enough in Charlotte to visit friends at the Observer, inspected the lush new studios of Station WBT, and the Carl Wilson book department at Efird's, then was driven by Shaw Smith to talk to the boys at Davidson, who were not uninterested in the girls at Salem. One agricultural student told me the real reason why the cow jumped over the moon. The farmer, it seems, had icy fingers. Another undergrad, well versed in bebop, recalled the feudal Lord Ethrid, who complained, "Every lord but me in England has a moat around his castle. I want *two* built—and I want them fast." Ethrid's serfs (no relations) refused at first, but found a company of toughlooking bow-and-arrow boys mighty persuasive. "Okay," conceded the leader of the serfs, "we dig you the moats."

**DUKE UNIVERSITY** was the third North Carolina institute of learning I had the pleasure of visiting in three days. Duke, more heavily endowed even than Princeton, has a magnificent campus and a top-ranking football team, but there's not a bookstore in sight! Enterprising students, including Sally Hazen and Ed Norris, are trying to remedy that situation. I suggested they consult Paul and Bunny Smith, whose shop at Chapel Hill some twenty miles away is as good as they come.

My, but those girls in North Carolina are good looking! Betty Crain, who interviewed me for the *Durham Herald,* and Jill Spence, who bossed me about the University, were right in a league with that baton twirler from Salem. (Later I discovered that Miss Spence hailed from Rochester, New York). After my lecture I spent a fine evening with William Blackburn, celebrated English prof (two of his recent students were Bill Styron and Mac Hyman), and Lewis Patton and his wife Frances, author of the memorable "Good Morning, Miss Dove," and a new collection of distinguished short stories called "A Piece of Luck." Mrs. Patton is one of the most gracious—and modest—writers I have ever met.

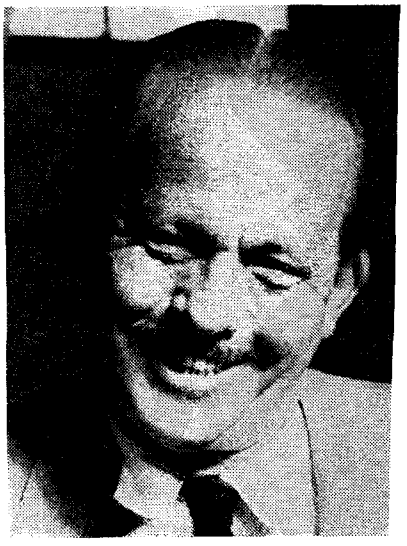
**THE NEXT MORNING,** Eastern Airlines got me from Durham to Miami in time to appear with Jack Kofoed on Alec Gibson's TV show on Station WTVJ. And that evening I was one of 300 to attend a dinner honoring Jack on the occasion of publication of his new book, "Moon Over Miami." Kofoed is the friend of everybody in greater Miami, and the guests included senators, mayors, socialites, nightclub stars, ballplayers, and prizefighters.

Jimmie Foxx and Max Carey, two all-time greats of the diamond, agreed with Ty Cobb that players today are soft and spoiled in comparison with stalwarts of yesteryear. "We had one pitcher," recalled Carey, "who won sixteen straight games in a period of twenty-eight days. Then, when he lost his seventeenth game, 1-0, the manager fined him fifty bucks!" Foxx reminisced about "Chief" Bender, famous pitcher for Connie Mack's championship Athletics. A lady confronted him on the practice slab one day, and said, "I thought you were an Indian." "I am, ma'am," Bender assured her. "Well," she asked, "where are your feathers?" "You seem to have forgotten," said Bender solemnly "that this is the moulting season."

**JACK KOFOED'S BOOK** is a graphic account of the transformation of Miami in a little over fifty years from a sleepy village to a fabulous metropolis. There wasn't even a trolley car in Miami until 1905. "The first one ran along Flagler Street," recalls Kofoed, "and adhered to no rigid schedule. If a lady waved her parasol the accommodating motorman would back up four blocks to take her aboard. He'd also stop the car as long as ten minutes, smoking his pipe placidly while another rider did her morning shopping. About once every ten blocks the car went off the track and all the male passengers would have to get out to help the crew lift it back onto the rails."

"When George Merrick was building Coral Gables," writes Jack in a later chapter, "he paid William Jennings Bryan $100,000 a year to help sell his land and Spanish architecture. And, leaving nothing to chance, he also hired belly-wiggling Gilda Gray as co-publicist for the Great Commoner."

This year over a million tourists will pour into Miami and Miami Beach. During the winter months the two great Miami dailies will carry



Jack Kofoed—"sleepy to fabulous

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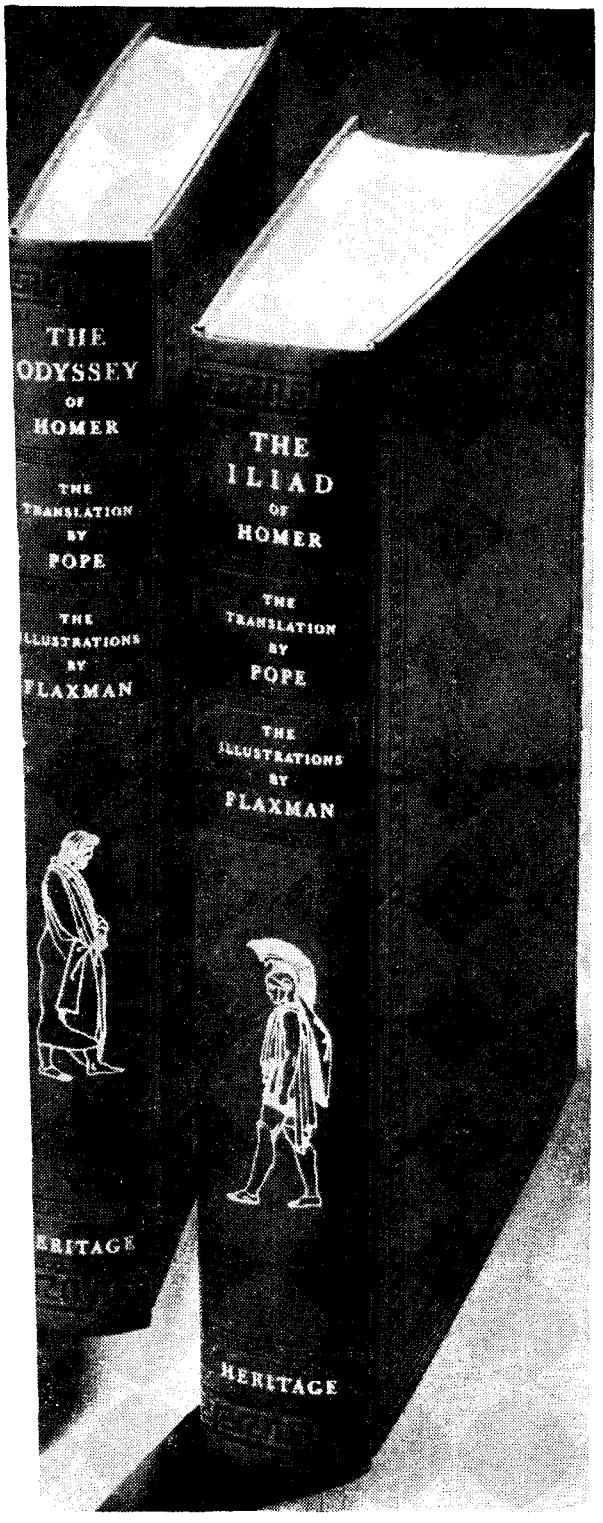


▶ THE STORY of the travels of Ulysses is of course divided into two parts, *The Iliad* forming the first part, *The Odyssey* the second. Together, they have often been called "the first great novel." Pope's translation is one of the great poems of his age. The classical drawings which John Flaxman made in illustration are among the great drawings of the world. Now, in these two volumes, they have been gathered together for the first time!

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These are only a few of the titles.

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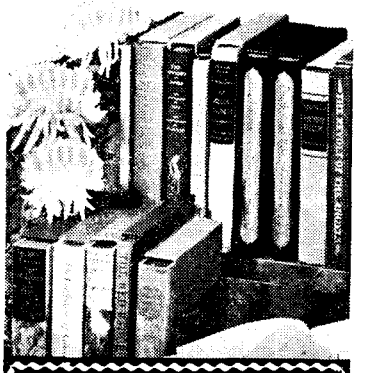

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# Editor at Large

There are times when it seems we are living in the Age of the Artificial Response.

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All of this is intended to convince you, in spite of your eyes and ears, that what you are seeing or hearing is actually good.

Things are different with books. You can sit by yourself and decide by yourself whether a book is good or bad. Book publishers, of course, are aware of this, and regard their readers as individuals, not as the faceless components of a mass audience. Otherwise, we could expect to find applause records, to be turned on while reading, included with every book.

Such records, happily, don't exist. But if there were one, I would be tempted to play it straight through "Run," a new novel by Margaret Shedd.

Set in California's Bay Area, "Run" is about a 15-year-old boy who is suspected of killing a baby, and who is hiding from a town that has turned into a bloodthirsty mob. It has suspense, power and a tremendous climax; and it is beautifully told.

If you read "Run," you won't need a record to prompt you to spontaneous applause.

And there will be no short pause for even the briefest message from the publisher.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

**The publisher of "Run" ($3.50), by Margaret Shedd, is Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of "Prize Stories 1956: The O. Henry Awards" ($3.95). Both books have just been published and may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Books Shops, including the one at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans 16, Louisiana.**

*The Saturday Review*
JANUARY 14, 1956
Cover Photograph by Herman Leonard

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more advertising than any other newspapers in America. Superb tub-thumpers like Hank Myer, Harold Gardner, and the late Steve Hannagan have made the area an all-year-round resort that's in a class by itself. Multi-million-dollar hotels are projected in such profusion that lawyers like Henry Williams are kept busy drawing contracts eighteen hours a day. Eight months after the blueprints are approved the hotels are turning away customers!

**BEN NOVACK, TOP MAN** at the fantastic new Fontainebleau Hotel, told me something of how it all is done. Ben came to Miami Beach in 1940 with $1,800 in his pockets. Barred from military service because of a hearing defect, he signed a lease for a hotel that, in his own words, "was such a flea-bag even the Army wouldn't requisition it." There were so few accommodations for civilians during the war days, however, that he cleaned up. Then he built the Atlantis Hotel. From there he went on to the Saint Souci. And now he is monarch of the 565-room Fontainebleau, which cost $16,000,000. Does that satisfy him? Not at all. He's beginning to dream of a great new hotel in New York City, which, Lord knows, needs one. "It shouldn't be too difficult," opined Novack calmly. "Forty or fifty million will swing it!"

**ONE OF THE MOST** interesting executives at the Fontainebleau is Red Black, officially designated as *maitre bouche* (Keeper of the King's Household). Black was associated for years with Oscar at the Waldorf. One of his regular patrons was Groucho Marx. Groucho breakfasted invariably on grapefruit, whole wheat toast and a pot of coffee—and he hated to be kept waiting. One morning Black had the breakfast all ready in the hall and exactly twenty seconds after Groucho had ordered it from room service, he wheeled it triumphantly into the room.

**I WOULD HAVE** thought that the Fontainebleau would be the last word in hotels for years, even in this unbelievable atmosphere, but after hearing fellows like Walter Jacobs, Jack Jamison, and George Saxe outline their future plans I wasn't so sure. "Inevitably," I predicted, "there must come the straw to break the camel's back." "Bah," they scoffed, "we've been hearing that now for the last twenty years"—and presto! while I spoke, three more hotels threw open their doors.

Some day one of them may include a library.

—BENNETT CERF

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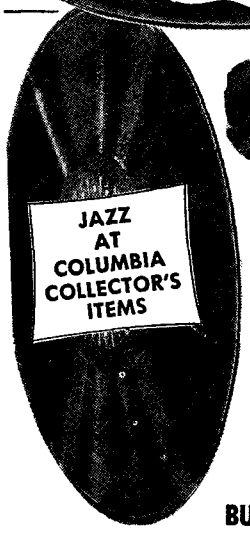

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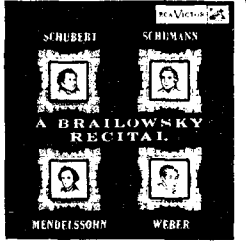


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*The Saturday Review*
JANUARY 14, 1956

# MR. NOBODY'S BYLINE

***A free-lance writer defends his tribe from anonymity and false accusations.***

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

BOUT as far away from the literary footlights as one can possibly get—off in the wings, as a ter of fact, where he is commonly taken for an insurance inspector cking up on the premises—stands forgotten man of American letters. n the best-seller lists and you will discover his name; attend the lity cocktail parties and you will not him among the guests. Yet he bers his readers not by the paltry sands but by the millions and of millions; it is almost a sure that you have read his words, ed his opinions—and ignored his e.

no is this forlorn character? He is free-lance writer for the masslation magazine. He is the man makes the persons in the headinto personalities, the man who rts the obscurities of laboratory rch into the magazine story that s you miss your subway stop. He filter through which Miss Hollypours out the story of her life—the story you read as "My Life" by Miss Hollywood, ignoring the smaller type which says "as told to—." He is that half educator, half entertainer who brings you the story of the atom bomb and the heart-warming piece on the Friendly Sea-Squid, the disquieting series on juvenile delinquency, and the uplift series on Making the Most of Senescence.

In a word, the free-lance writer is the man whom everybody reads and nobody knows; even in the Society of Magazine Writers, the guild of free-lance magazine journalists, the single gravest source of marital discord is the wife who asks her husband, "Did you read that fascinating piece about that doctor in Ohio who—." At which point the pained reply is, "Yes dear. I wrote it."

It is perhaps understandable that no one reads the bylines of magazine articles, for the magazine, unlike the book, is expressly manufactured for oblivion. A book, be it ever so bad, it still a book; anything between hard covers has the cachet, if not always the content, of literature. But a magazine, be it ever so good, is only a magazine—something to be bought, enjoyed, and forgotten about entirely when the next issue comes (except, of course, in the case of doctors for whom old issues have a premium value).

Not only are magazines perishable commodities by their nature, but it must be admitted that some magazines seem to seek out oblivion as their goal. We are all too familiar with the bland stew of ingredients that have been in the icebox too long: the meat is the weary exposé ("The Russians Are Tunneling Under Alaska"); the vegetables are moldy ("Is There Sex After Death?"); the stock watery ("Can Animals Read?"); and the spice tired ("I Lived and *Loved*—Among the Aborigines"). But if some magazines court inanity (if you can call a long-standing marriage courtship), not all magazines are so disposed, and even the blandest of the bland will come up, from time to time, with articles that are forceful, courageous, and controversial. The trouble is, nobody even bothers to note who wrote *those*

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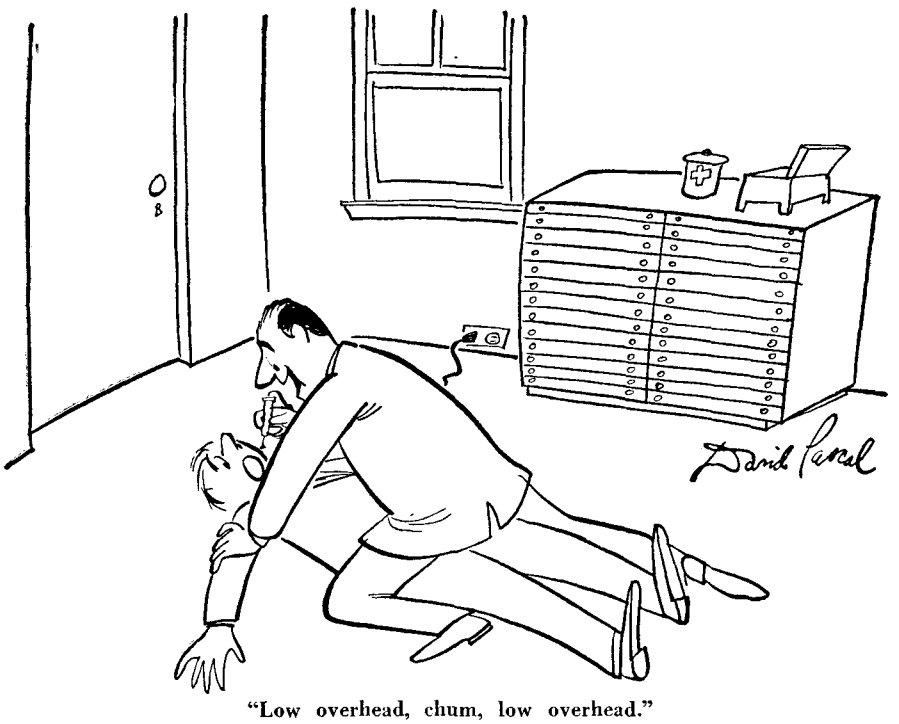

"Low overhead, chum, low overhead."

articles. Few people, in fact, stop to think about the fact that they are *written*.

Well, they are written, the bland and the bold alike, and they are written with all the mixed agony, joy, and drudgery that any kind of good writing demands. Not that free-lance writers are responsible for more than a fraction (albeit a very sizable fraction) of the contents of the nation's magazines. Every year countless thousands of Americans feel the itch of authorship, and sit down (always at the insistence of their friends) to write "The Biggest Fish I Almost Caught," or "Paris, City of Romance." Furthermore, a certain number of these offerings get printed every year (eleven, to be precise). Then there are Important People with a Message for Each and Every One of Us, and literate baseball players, and people like that who like to hog the magazine pages.

Exactly how much of the magazine lineage they *do* hog was one of the questions which prompted the Society of Magazine Writers to survey the authorship of ten top (not necessarily *the* top) magazines for 1954: *Reader's Digest, This Week, Good Housekeeping, Woman's Home Companion, Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Look, Cosmopolitan, McCall's* and *True.* Over the year those ten magazines had entertained an aggregate audience well in excess of 100,000,000 with some 6,000,000 printed words. What the Society had in mind was to ascertain who wrote those words.

At first blush it appeared that everyone wrote them: a total of 2,309 articles (excluding small features and fiction) was shared among 1,014 bylines. But of those thousand-odd names some 700 appeared but once during the year: in the vulgar parlance of the free-lance trade these were "one-shotters." Admittedly the statistics are approximate—many one-shotters were professional writers who happened to write only once for these particular markets in 1954; others were pen-names of writers in disguise (as in the case of one member of the Society of Magazine Writers who turned up three times in a single issue of one magazine, twice, perforce, under a *nom de typewriter*); yet other one-shotters were figures in the public gaze who have been known to hire a writer for "a little help" with a manuscript. How much of the one-shotter material is really free-lance in costume is highly conjectural: if we are generous we may assume that perhaps a quarter of all general-magazine articles are really written by people who do not make magazine-writing their profession, be they newspapermen, educators, explorers, or simply famous persons—Herbert Hoover, Adlai Stevenson, and Marlene Dietrich were among the one-shotters of our survey.

This accounts however for only a quarter of the nominal authors and for the 1,500,000 words which we will charitably assume to have been theirs. Another third was produced by a far smaller group—perhaps 200 writers on our list of 1,014 names. These were the staff writers and the regular contributors: direct employes of the magazine, such as Perkins Bailey of *Look*, or contractual contributors to one, such as Eleanor Roosevelt who conducts a feature in *McCall's*. From magazine to magazine the proportion of such home-grown material varies: among the news magazines such as *Time* or *Newsweek* it is nearly 100 per cent, while among literary magazines it may be nearly zero. In the "general" magazines, such as those of the survey, it amounts on the average to about one article in three. It includes, by the way, some of the best writing of its kind: staffers and regular contributors could boast of Bernard DeVoto's Easy Chair at *Harper's*, Robert Coughlan's superlative articles for *Life*, and the stable of pedigreed racers maintained by *The New Yorker*.

This leaves, however, well over a third of 2,309 articles unaccounted for —together with the remaining 100 names on the authorship list. Here is the free-lance himself. Not all of him, obviously, for there are at least thirty mass-circulation magazines which look to free-lances for a substantial portion of their articles. Yet the free-lance fraternity is indubitably small In the nation as a whole it is doubtful if 300 people depend for their livings on selling magazine articles t the general magazine market. What i astonishing is that these 300 write be tween a third to a half of all the mag azine articles you read.

There is good reason why the num ber of free-lances is small: in a se curity-minded world his profession virtually an anachronism. Unlike th one-shotter who merely hopes to, th free-lance *must* sell his articles: the are his livelihood. And unlike th staffer or regular contributor wh knows there is a reserved space f his articles, the free-lance nev knows whether an editor will be i terested in his ideas or not: he is independent contractor who must s a brand-new product every time goes to see his customers.

HENCE his normal state of mind a mild insecurity, and his normal st of financial abnormal: free-lances ways have six checks coming in none. Fortunate indeed is the fr lance who goes through a year wi out a hiatus in assignments (and never writes without one), and m of the time while he is finishing article, he is making the rounds of editors like a Fuller Brush man, p dling his notions: "There's a guy at MIT who fiddles with sound-wa He'd be a good science piece." "I k a guy who actually underwent sh treatment. How about a as-tol with a general take-out on sch phrenia?" And so it goes; his stoc trade is ideas, and it's hard to ha handful of good ideas ten to tw times a year. (Hence the inevit

(*Continued on page* 45)

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**INDIA IN FICTION**

# The Tragi-Comic Indians

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

THIRTY or so years ago, long after Kipling, a fictional British lady named Mrs. Moore, having removed her shoes, ventured into an Indian mosque and gasped. As gasps go this was a remarkable one, because ever since then this indefatigable lady character of E. M. Forster's imagination has influenced British and American literature. Her attitude has been taken up by writers of such widely divergent interests and talents as Christine Weston and Louis Bromfield and John Masters and Edison Marshall. (Latest in this tradition is William Buchan, whose first novel "Kumari," is reviewed on the next page.) As a result both British and American readers have been surfeited with novels and short stories which view India over Western instead of Eastern shoulders.

For Indian writers of fiction who would have liked to correct this situation, there has been little hope. First of all few writers in that poverty-stricken land have been able to afford to write, and even for those who could few readers are to be found who can afford to buy their books. Secondly, the multitude of native languages has kept Indian writers (and readers) from communicating even with each other. And, last but not least, the Indian writers who wrote during British domination of their country generally tended to give their novels the tone of rebellious tracts instead of readable stories, thereby making their works unpalatable.

But now things are looking up for the Indian writers (and their American readers). In the past weeks, for example, two novels about India by Indians have appeared in the U. S. The novels: "Amrita," by R. Prawer Jhabvala (see page 12), and **"Waiting for the Mahatma,"** by R. K. Narayan (Michigan State University Press, $3.50). Mrs. Jhabvala is young and thus far unknown to Americans. The other, forty-nine-year-old, spectacled Mr. Narayan (pronounced Nä-räy'-an), has been living in the past few years and published four novels in this country, is regarded by many American critics as India's Number One living novelist, ranking above Mulk Raj Anand and Bhabani Bhattacharya, whose novels have also brought kudos from Americans. Of his works one critic, well aware of the predominant Western literature about India, has written, "This is the India most Indians know: the gutter running down the street, with its familiar stench. . . ."

Narayan's first novel to appear in this country was "The Financial Expert," the tragi-comic story of an Indian "Babbitt" (one named Margayya) who dedicates himself by ritualistic ceremony to the goddess of wealth and is rewarded by the lucky gift of a pornographic manuscript. By selling the manuscript, he then manages to make a handsome living. In the end, his whole life collapses but he himself is all cheerfulness—a quality with which Mr. Narayan endows all his books, for he is at his best as a writer of tragi-comedy.

In rapid succession came "Grateful to Life and Death," the story of an Indian professor's life in a boys' school, and two shorter novels, "Swami and Friends" and "The Bachelor of Arts." The first of these two tells of some middle-class Indian moppets. By Americans it has been compared to "Tom Sawyer." The second tells of a college student who finally proves himself a brilliantly inept cynic. Of him, Mr. Narayan wrote, with gentle irony, "You lived in the college, thinking you were the first and last of your kind the college would ever see, and you ended up as a group photo."

"Waiting for the Mahatma" is probably the most topical and the most ambitious of Mr. Narayan's works to be published in the U. S. Its protagonist is a dissolute young fellow who becomes a follower of Gandhi in order to be near a girl whom he loves. The Mahatma refuses to give his consent for their marriage, and in the scenes that follow Mr. Narayan presents what is neither a favorable nor an unfavorable (but probably an accurate) portrait of the great—and shrewd—Indian leader.

As one of the few modern Indian writers published in the U. S., Mr. Narayan himself realizes that he is far luckier than many of his fellow Indian fiction writers have been. Fortunately for him he writes in English and needs no translator. Fortunately, too, his works have been championed by the Michigan State University Press, a non-commercial publishing house which made history when it beat the commercial houses by first bringing out "The Financial Expert." So far his American sales have been small, but for Mr. Narayan nothing could be worse than his sales record in India. Traveling there a few years ago, an American journalist, preparing for an interview with Mr. Narayan, stopped in at one of the largest English-language bookstores in Bangalore, a city of 750,000 people which lies about sixty miles from Mr. Narayan's home in Mysore. "All sold out?" asked the journalist, finding no works by Narayan. No, the manager explained, they simply did not stock his books. "But Mr. Narayan is one of India's own novelists," said the journalist. "He lives nearby in Mysore City. You display all these new British and American novels. Why not his new one?" "Yes," replied the manager indifferently, "I know. But we do not read much fiction here in India."

Says Mr. Narayan unhappily, speaking not only of himself but of the problem of all Indian fiction writers: "I think it is for experts in the book trade to discover a solution. Only when that is done will the . . . problem . . . be solved."

R. K. Narayan—". . . for experts . . . to discover . . ."

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# Twain Rarely Met

***"Amrita," by R. Prawer Jhabvala** (W. W. Norton. 283 pp. $3.50), is a comedy, set in modern India, about families linked through marriage. It is reviewed here by John Frederick Muehl, author of "Interview with India."*

By John Frederick Muehl

IN MODERN India, as there are two official languages, in an important sense there are two official cultures. "Hindi for patriotism," as the cynical say, "English for communication." For this reason India is perpetually an embarrassment to anthologists; in the "literature of the world" it is hard to represent. One either dusts off the exotic anonymities or settles for the ubiquitous Mulk Raj Anand. And rarely, in India, do the twain really meet.

But quite recently some exciting things have been happening. A few years ago it was R. K. Narayan who startled the critics of England and America and drew serious comparisons to Gogol and Chekhov. And now it is a woman, Mrs. R. Prawer Jhabvala, with a simple and brilliant little novel, "Amrita." At least three British reviewers have compared her to Jane Austen and the comparison is not only just; it is inevitable.

"Amrita" is the story of two Indian families and of the complicated matrimonial maneuverings which link them, as pertinent and funny a subject in modern India as it was in early-nineteenth-century England. As there was the Bingley-Darcy axis and the Bennet axis then, there are the Chakravartys and the Sahnis now, eternally preoccupied with family status, perpetually on the lookout for the matrimonial main chance. And as Jane Austen was able to arrange their geometry, sister for sister, friend for friend, Mrs. Jhabvala plays off her two families with the same delightful formality and comic balance. Of course it is impossible to summarize "Amrita" as it is impossible to summarize "Pride and Prejudice." The theme of either would sound shallow and whimsical, for summaries do not capture the quality of genius. But the writing in Mrs. Jhabvala's "Amrita" is as clever as anything we have seen for a number of years, in its wonderful delineation of a wide range of characters, in its penetrating comments on human frailty.

Even the minor characters . . . but there are none such. Every character

R. P. Jhabvala—"formality and balance."

William Buchan—"limpid and seductive."

in the book is somehow essential, and while each is eminently believable in himself, each is also point or counterpoint in the literary fugue. There is Hari, who is secretly in love with Amrita, but who gets preoccupied with a baked fish at the critical moment. There is Krishna SenGupta, the sympathetic suitor with the predilection for tragic poses. There is Vazir Dayal, so plausibly irritating in his ignorant affectation of western manners, and there is Mohini, who is morning-sick from the first chapter to the last, till we finally get used to her retching in the background.

In only one sense is "Amrita" a novel "about India." Like R. K. Narayan's, Mrs. Jhabvala's view is one of detachment, of casual amusement, as she watches the struggle between the old and the new. The phenomenon is universal, but it is perhaps best seen at the cross-current of two cultures. And Mrs. Jhabvala is clever enough to contrive a criticism of each in terms of the other.

So perhaps in this book the two traditions *have* met. Even better, they have arrived in comic juxtaposition. Don't send to know for whom the laugh rings. As in all good comedy, it rings for you.

# Ideals and Symbols

***"Kumari," by William Buchan** (William Morrow. 287 pp. $3.50), is the story of an Englishman in India who falls in love with two women, one personifying the best of the West, the other the best of the East. Joseph Hitrec, our reviewer, has written several books on contemporary India, one of which, "Son of the Moon," won the Harper Prize.*

By Joseph Hitrec

WILLIAM BUCHAN'S first nove "Kumari" has raised some gratuitous comparisons with the book of his father John Buchan, the lat Lord Tweedsmuir. Idle and pointless though it usually is, such cross referencing evidently holds unbounded fascination for our literary journalists. The plain fact is: "Kumari owes no filial debts and, beyond usin the patronymic made famous by h father, William Buchan the son on his own. "Kumari" is a highly in dividual first effort that reveals a ne writer well worth watching—a sen sitive craftsman of language and stylist of considerable evocative pow and luminosity.

Armin Wensley, the central pers in the novel, is utterly untypical a hero in realistic fiction. He is ev untypical of the Englishmen who us to live and work in India before 19 An idealized symbol rather than "character," Armin is a living pri of the author's impressions and p ceptions in a land teeming with unexpected, a gently rueful obser of the *untergang* of the old order, exceptional young Englishman v loved India well enough to forg her excesses of climate and tempe ment, and to wish to make up for follies of his predecessors in any w he could.

Being neither a man of action a reformer, Armin could best nur his nostalgic vision by seeking e tional kinship with people thought and felt as he did, and justified for him the idealized in of an East and West met, how briefly, in mutual respect and It was this romantic compulsion led Armin into two love affairs, sonifying for him the best in worlds—one for Laura Johnsto beautiful married Englishwoma mercantile Calcutta, and the with Kumari, an Indian girl, v his employer and college friend about to marry. The two storie cupy about ten years and spa

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comparatively secure period before the last war with the electric years just before India's independence.

The affair with Laura lasts only a few weeks and is marked by that curious blend of deep attachment, self-conscious intimacy, and outward reticence that one might call British for want of a better word. But while it lasts, the world of Armin Wensley takes on a singing, larger-than-life quality; its colors, sights, and moods are quickened until they become unforgettable. The bazaars of Calcutta, the warm milling of native humanity, the haze over the city's *maidans,* and the shrill compound voice of Bengal become real and infectious. But Laura's husband summons her home to England and Armin must stay behind and learn to live without her.

By a deft narrative device Buchan now moves his hero toward his second destiny—his love for Kumari. The scene is a tea garden in the hills of Assam, where Armin is visiting his old friend Henry Greenwood, now the heir of an enormous commercial empire. Henry has brought Kumari from an obscure village in Rajputana and is "grooming" her for marriage at his hill house at Ronghpar. When Armin gets there, he finds that the lively child he used to know has grown into a beautiful girl, and his affection deepens into love. At first the bizarre triangle exhibits all signs of coming to a sensible and proper end—as planned by Henry and loyally abetted by Armin himself—but soon things begin to go out of hand for all three. The affair comes to a swift end in a series of events precipitated by Henry's sudden change of heart, by Armin's revulsion at his treachery, and by violence among the villagers to whom Henry has become a symbol of foreign oppression. The climax is grisly and explosive, although it may seem too "stacked" to some people.

In less delicate hands, "Kumari" might have been just another romance with an Indian setting, a pleasant evening's reading with no special claim to attention. And it is true that William Buchan's fondness for improvisation and plot rigging and his often neo-romantic attitudes are subtle flaws that tend to mar his finish and artistry. We hope that he will avoid them in the future. But the good things outweigh them, fortunately. His wonderfully limpid and effective way with a sentence, his sensitive perception of a vital and baffling oriental land, his sure rhythms and accents in a narrative form that is at the same time an aspect of the story's structure and momentum—all win for "Kumari" a real and lasting distinction.

**AMERICANA**

# San Simeon's Great Enigma

***"William Randolph Hearst: A New Appraisal," by John K. Winkler*** *(Hastings House. 325 pp. $5), is its author's second biography of the powerful publisher who died five years ago. It is reviewed below by Stanley Walker, onetime city editor of the* New York Herald Tribune.

By Stanley Walker

JOHN K. WINKLER, the lively old-time Hearst reporter who turned biographer, is only one of many analysts who have long been fascinated, amused, repelled, and sometimes enchanted by the life and works of William Randolph Hearst. With Winkler the obsession has lasted a long time. His first study of Hearst was done in 1928 and was by no means a bad job. His second study, "William Randolph: A New Appraisal," done after many a moon has come and gone, is an even better piece of work. Whether it really adds much to the Hearst saga, or will explain the Great Enigma, is a matter for debate and considerable difference of opinion.

Despite the subtitle, "a new appraisal, this freshest Hearst portrait covers much of the old, familiar ground without providing any surprises. Here is the story of the rich, untamed youth who took over a doddering California paper and then moved to New York to astonish the known so-called civilized world. Again we see the great innovator fomenting the war with Spain, building circulation, inventing new approaches for the beguilement of the mass mind, trying desperately with uneven success to become a political power, and finally developing into a sort of sinister folk hero.

A great deal happened to Mr. Hearst between Mr. Winkler's 1928 appraisal and the passing of the titan in 1951, in his eighty-ninth year. Mr. Winkler tells much of the devious machinations by which Hearst helped bring about the nomination of F. D. Roosevelt in the 1932 convention, a stroke which enabled him to get revenge on his ancient enemy, Al Smith. Here, also, is an account of how Hearst broke with Roosevelt and backed Alf Landon in the 1936 race; certainly that break was inevitable.

The Great Depression hit Hearst hard, and Mr. Winkler tells of the period when the bankers actually deprived him of control of his properties, cut his salary, and propelled him into a spree of writing for his papers which lasted for several years, until the crisis was over. At the time of his death Hearst was not in financial distress, though all was not well, and it is going a little far to say, as Mr. Winkler does in his final sentence:

The thirty-two-year-old Hearst acquires the *New York Journal* in 1896, a drawing by the WRH-discovered Homer Davenport.

—*From "William Randolph Hearst."*

"The High Priests of the Sacred Flame," a cartoon attack by Joseph Keppler on Hearst and Pulitzer in *Puck.*

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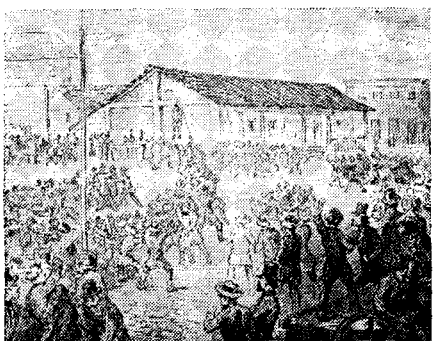
"In the last analysis, the Chief built and chose well." The far-flung empire had troubles which have by no means been resolved to this day.

What sort of man emerges from all this careful study, this recital of odd facts, the search for inscrutable motives? We see an alert, daring journalistic gambler who could be a vicious enemy and often an uncertain ally. He was at times a dirty in-fighter but capable of much generosity. He had a type of sly humor, but he was not a humorous man. He drank little liquor in his whole life, and if he had one really close friend, except perhaps Marion Davies, it does not appear on the record. His voice was weak, almost falsetto, and ludicrous in a man of such bulk. Mr. Winkler admires The Chief's prose style. It is true that he could turn out exceedingly strong editorials—more effective, better phrased, perhaps, than the editorials of any of the gifted pike-bearers who ever worked for him. But when he attempted other discourses (witness his long essays written for his papers in his declining years) he was coy, heavy-handed, and sometimes a little silly. But what a rabble-rousing editorial the old boy could produce when the spirit was on him!

When Hearst died the more thoughtful editorial writers on the other papers tried to assay his career and his character and the verdict was yes and no and on the other hand. Mr. Winkler improves little upon this verdict. In the main, though he is not blind to the unethical, the insincere, and the downright repellent traits, Mr. Winkler clearly has much admiration for Hearst—the sort of admiration that a dashing reporter has for an even more dashing Chief.

There are many omissions. One would have welcomed something about the sad anti-vivisection crusade which engrossed Hearst during his last years. There are a few errors—it was William J. (Fingy) Conners (not Connors), Sam Untermyer (not Untermeyer), and Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey (not Joseph D. Bailey). However, these are relatively minor points. Mr. Winkler gives us, if not definitive biography or cosmic appraisal, a gaudy, star-spangled show.



—From "Vigilante Justice."

# Their Own Hands

***"Vigilante Justice," by Alan Valentine** (Reynal. 173 pp. $3.50), gives an account of the activities of the two self-appointed committees that brought order to San Francisco during the lawless Fifties of the last century. Oscar Lewis, who reviews it here, is the author of "California Heritage" and many other books about Americana.*

By Oscar Lewis

IN the history of the American frontier instances are by no means lacking where groups of citizens, dissatisfied with the way the laws were being administered by the regularly constituted officials, took matters into their own hands and, having rounded up the trouble-makers, meted out punishment to their ringleaders—often at the end of a rope.

Perhaps the best known of these extra-legal cleanup campaigns, and surely among the most significant, both as regards the extent of their operations and the firm but orderly manner in which they were conducted, were the two vigilance committees of early-day San Francisco, the first formed in 1851 and the second five years later.

The forces that brought these organizations into being stemmed from the peculiar nature of the city's beginnings. The gold discoveries of 1848 had drawn to these then remote shores adventurers from every corner of the world, and in such numbers that within a few months the sleepy village was transformed into a camp numbering many thousands, the majority living in tents or rough board shacks and finding their only entertainment in the cluster of gambling establishments that had sprung up about the old plaza.

Here was an environment conducive to excesses of many kinds, with the restraints common to older communities conspicuous by their absence, and with every man—for the early town was almost womanless—free to follow his own inclinations. The result, naturally enough, was that lawlessness and violence were the order of the day, with both the persons and property of peaceable citizens at the mercy of bands of hoodlums who day and night roamed the streets virtually unmolested.

This state of affairs was naturally deplored by the law-abiding residents and at length, in the summer of 1851, a group of citizens banded together and took the law into their own hands. What brought this, the first of the vigilance committees, into being was a particularly vehement outbreak of robbery, arson, and murder which the regularly elected authorities were either unable or unwilling to put down.

Hundreds of residents enrolled in the organization; malefactors were rounded up and brought before its tribunal where, after having been given, scrupulously fair trials, punishment was both swift and sure. Four men were sentenced to death and hanged; others were banished from the city, and still others, aboard ships newly arrived in the harbor, were refused permission to disembark. Then, a semblance of order having been established, the committee disbanded.

THE circumstances that brought about its revival in 1856 was the slaying of editor James King of William, who in the columns of his *Evening Bulletin* had been waging an unrelenting warfare both on the town's criminal element and on the laxness of its law enforcement agencies. This time the committee did a far more thorough job than its predecessor, not only bringing to book King's assailant and several others, but constituting itself the supreme authority of the city in all matters pertaining to the public safety, all this in the face of violent opposition on the prt of the duly constituted officials, both municipal and state.

Again the organization conducted its operations with a scrupulous regard for orderly procedure, giving those brought before it fair and impartial hearings and, having rendered its verdicts—whether for acquittal banishment or, in two instances, hanging—promptly carrying them out. Largely because of the manifest fairness of its proceedings the Committe had through its brief career the support of an overwhelming majority of the citizens.

"Vigilante Justice" admirably tells the story of these drastic measures taken by early-day San Francisca to purge their city of lawlessness ar corruption. Alan Valentine has obviously examined with care the by no means inconsiderable literature on the subject, including not only contemporary accounts but the later recollections of participants or observe among the latter being such we known figures of Civil War days William Tecumseh Sherman a David G. Farragut. It makes a high readable chronicle, and one that demonstrates again the calibre of men w had a hand in bringing order out the confusion and lawlessness of numerous outpost communities on Western frontier.

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EDUCATION

# Bad Boys and Good Schools

***"How to Get Better Schools," by David B. Dreiman*** *(Harper. 267 pp. $3.50), is a handbook and guide based upon the five years' experience of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools. Fred M. Hechinger, education editor of the* New York Herald Tribune, *reviews it below.*

By Fred M. Hechinger

A PROFESSOR in Indiana asked his graduate class to define "better schools." One student replied: "2 West 45th Street." This is the New York address of the headquarters of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools. It has come to be an address to remember. Few organizations have achieved success in so little time.

Now the work of the Commission has been captured in a singularly successful book which is not a recording but a dramatization of past and current history. David B. Dreiman's "How to Get Better Schools" does a number of things, each of them important to American education and to all those interested in the public schools: It shows how dramatic and how exciting the local school problems can be; it tells what the National Citizens Commission has done about them; it offers a working guide for practically every future situation that may arise in anybody's community. If you expect to do something about your schools, this is the book to read first.

Mr. Dreiman has not simply written a book about an organization. In the first part of his book he offers five thumbnail sketches of communities and their problems. Each is a sociological study and each, therefore, demonstrates that it is no longer possible to understand the sociology of a town or city without understanding the schools.

There is Corning, N. Y., with its semi-rural school dilemma; Minneapolis, with its internal conflicts which had to be straightened out before the schools could hope to get a fair break; New Canaan, Conn., which had a citizen committee that was so thorough, devoted, and honest that it caused a tempest in the educators' kettle before it started everybody on the way to reform and better schools; Houston, Texas, with its Minute Women and ultra-conservative pressures which had to be brought under control before the schools could deal with the issues of modernity without being considered subversive; and, finally and perhaps most unusual, Bellevue, Wash., a town created by a bridge, which may be on the way to showing how a first-rate school system can be planned cooperatively.

Don't think I shall tell you how any of those chapters come out. The fun of reading them is in not knowing—although I can tell you that some of them haven't quite "come out" yet. This will give you a chance to place bets on the future.

More important, it permits you to think of your local situation. Yours would be a rare community if it had not at some point experienced the reaction of New Canaan's educators when the citizens criticized poor teaching. "Welcomed by educators when their support focused on more money and buildings," reports Mr. Dreiman, "the Citizens School Council was suddenly relegated once more to the lowly position of laymen." But there was a happy ending. Educators and citizens had learned a valuable lesson.

Mr. Dreiman's concise sketches lead to Part Two which tells the story of the Commission. Some day in the future the country will realize that the Commission's work—and Roy Larsen's leadership as its chairman—has been one of the crucial achievements of postwar America. Keep in mind, as the book points out, that a child might be born into a school district that spends $1,055 on his education—or into another one that offers only $19.

In the face of such conditions and in the knowledge that democracy will stand or fall with its public schools, James B. Conant, then president of Harvard, persuaded Mr. Larsen to create the Commission. When it got started in 1949, it looked all across the country and could find only seventeen local citizens committees to work with. Now that it is about to terminate its present phase of operations, it knows that there are about 10,000 such groups. The majority of states have since formed state committees which have already taken over much of the national group's work.

A research office, headed by Henry Toy, Jr., the commission's executive director, has sent out 700,000 pieces of information. A good deal of this information is condensed in Part Three of this book—about the most extensive "How-to-do-it" literature on public education. From "How to organize for local action" to the ways of winning a campaign—all the various steps are outlined.

Roy Larsen has written a foreword which, by explaining honestly why he got involved in the public school business, tells a good deal of the kind of Americana that people from other countries and Minute Women from Texas find so hard to understand. "This is not the time to change our minds about universal education," says Mr. Larsen, who would not be where and what he is today except for the American public school. "This is the time to reaffirm that commitment."

Somewhere in the book Mr. Dreiman describes one town's all-citizen effort: "It was something like trying to reform the bad boy by putting him in charge of the Sunday School class." That's Americana, too, and there are worse ways of running the show.

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# Wanted: Equilibrium

***"Education: The Lost Dimension," by W. R. Niblett** (William Sloane Assoc. 150 pp. $2.50), expounds the philosophy of a leading British educationist, midway between stability and progress. Professor Robert Ulich of the Harvard Graduate School of Education reviews it below.*

By Robert Ulich

W. R. NIBLETT is Professor of Education at Leeds University in England and has served on some of the foremost planning committees concerned with his country's educational system. His book "Education: The Lost Dimension" is the perfect expression of a person who has achieved inner balance and perspective together with sympathetic participation in the hopes and troubles of his fellowmen, a healthy combination of contemplation and practical responsibility, and the inner wealth that comes from enduring dialogues with the best products of literature, ancient and modern.

When a man of such a constitution writes on culture, and on education in particular, he inevitably reveals a conservative trend, which, however, may be farther away from reactionary dogmatism than the badly concealed insecurity of those who can assert themselves only by shouting from some progressive outpost. He emphasizes the importance of the healthy family without the support of which the teacher builds on sand; yet, he realizes the dangers to which the modern family is exposed and which constantly add to the responsibilities of the schools, whether or not we like it. He fully acknowledges the significance of good scholarship and of a rational attitude; yet, in contrast to those who in most irrational manner blame everyone as an "irrationalist" who believes that man is more than an instrument for thinking, Mr. Niblett knows of the supreme value of a sound moral and emotional basis in the development of a mature person. Therefore he cannot conceive of a good education which is not related to the great humane and religious traditions, which does not insist on the proper mixture of freedom and discipline, of individualism and communal living. And he is doubtful about the blessings of the kind of social science that believes it has said enough about man when it relates him to his immediate environment.

On the other hand, Mr. Niblett does not close his mind to the ongoing changes in modern society, to the momentous influence of science, and to the necessity of ever new interpretations of values, provided they do not break, but develop further the good in our cultural heritage.

If one wished to characterize him by use of the categories which serve modern philosophers for clarifying (perhaps also for obscuring) their own and their colleagues standpoints, one might label him an "essentialist," for he believes in basic principles underlying human thought and progress. Yet, he would also be in the neighborhood of the "perennialists," for he seems to believe that these basic principles are not merely man-made gadgets but signposts toward eternal verities, to be conceived religiously. But where, on the other hand, is the Englishman who has not inhaled something of Locke and who, in other words, would not feel some sympathy for the "pragmatists"?

For those who have always insisted on a sound equilibrium between stability and progress, there is nothing startling in Mr. Niblett's book. The heights and abysses that may shake the foundations of humanity do not inflict their threats upon the reader's mind. But after the past decade, it is almost a relief to see a book where the word "anxiety" does not appear in the index. Perhaps the author should have paid some attention to this important category of the "existentialists." But who would wish too much of it on his children? It will come anyhow. And if Mr. Niblett gives us strength to master it rather than to fall too deeply into its hollows, what more should we expect?

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 655

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 655 will be found in the next issue.*

TMND GMKJT ABO KMMJ

TM ESTZ CMLOH

OMUFLO' UFBU UFDZ

TDDN LOCLTRDOTBEKD.

—JLO FSEEBQC.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 654*

Most people know that there is no such thing as luck, but it is difficult to find anyone who does not believe in it.

—RAOUL DE SALES.

# A Teacher Quits

***"Retreat from Learning: Why Teachers Can't Teach—A Case History," by Joan Dunn** (David McKay. 224 pp. $3), chronicles the woes of a young public school teacher. It is reviewed below by Terry Ferrer, Education Editor of* Newsweek.

By Terry Ferrer

"THE school system is a man sick in his guts; he cannot be cured by a Band-Aid on his finger." Joan Dunn can hardly be blamed for that statement. As a teacher in a public high school at Sheepshead Bay, New York, she went through just about everything that plagues, humiliates, and burns the nation's 1,066,234 public-school teachers. She stuck it out for four years because she loved teaching and children. In 1953, she quit teaching forever.

In "Retreat From Learning" Miss Dunn, now twenty-six and a copy reader for *Time* magazine, tells the how and why of her short-lived educational career with wit, affection and some understandable bitterness. Her book may not be the ne plus ultra of teachers' memoirs, but it should be required reading for everyone who deplores the teacher shortage. The profession Miss Dunn paints could not be expected to attract any college graduate in his right mind.

"One always seems to be hurrying Miss Dunn says, "straining to be on time in the morning, rushing from one classroom to another, trying correct two hundred papers during a free period so you won't have take them home. . . . Still, you were expected to belong to all sorts organizations and attend their stimulating meetings, keep abreast of movements, political and cultural, see all the new plays and movies, read all the latest books and watch the television programs. In the meantime you planned fascinating lessons for your classes, corrected countless papers, kept in good physical and mental shape, were available at times for interviews with students, deans, and parents, acted as moderator of an extracurricular activity, led an active social life, traveled all over the world, and went to graduate school at night for an M.A. in education. To top it off, she complains, "I must teach for thirty-five years before retiring on an inadequate pension."

For all this toil, Miss Dunn maintains, the teacher—even the teacher

(*Continued on page 44*)

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The shepherdess of Donremy—"the end is incredible."

# THE JOAN IN ALL OF US

JOHN STEINBECK

'T IS a rare writer in any language who has not thought long and longingly of Joan of Arc as a ɔject. At any given time there are ır new plays about her. There are / number of approaches to the ry. One man is concerned with ether her voices were real voices the inwardness of a pubescent .; another writer becomes con- ned with her confession and re- ɔtion, her choice between her con- ɔion and orthodoxy.

have read most of the histories, imonies, novels, and plays which cern Joan and her times, and I ık I know why writers in all times her story such a magnetic theme. re is of course the factor of uni- ɜality. Anyone can find some part ıimself in Joan's story, some cor- ɔration of his convictions, no mat- vhat they may be. The tremendous disparate literature proves this. I wonder whether there is not her and more basic quality which not been stated because it is aps too obvious.

ıe story of Joan could not pos- have happened—and did. This ıe miracle, the worrisome nag- fact. Joan is a fairytale so im- able that, without the most com- historical record and evidence, uld not be believed. If a writer to make it up the story would ɔwled down as an insult to credu- No reasonable man would waste on such an outrageous, sentimen- ɔmance, every moment of which ıtrived, unnatural, and untrue. tics of the story would have no ılty with the voices. Many sen- children hear voices in their daydreaming—but from there on the historical nonsense begins.

A peasant girl of Joan's time was considered little more than an animal. She could not have got a hearing from the most obscure of local gentry. Politics was not a field open to people of her class, indeed only the highest in the social scale had access to political ideas. And the ideas she advanced were simple. How could they be valid to men who had spent their lives in the subtleties of the power drives of Europe?

This girl, illiterate and of a class which politically did not exist, went up through a kind of chain of command to a Dauphin torn with subtleties and indecisions and convinced him in spite of all the knowledge and experience of his professional advisers. This is ridiculous, but it happened.

But this is only the first miracle. Military science as practised in her day was the most jealously select of activities. To command at all required not only an accepted blood line, but training from childhood. A soldier began to learn his trade when he left the cradle. Look at the suits of armor for boys who could barely walk. War was as carefully systematized and formal as ballet. Assault and defense were known movements set and invariable. War was no business for amateurs. Command was no business for peasants. A girl leading an army, directing its movements, putting forward revolutionary tactics, is not the least improbable part of the story—a girl whose experience was limited to commanding a small herd of sheep.

But having taken the command, and having set the tactics—she won. She anticipated the change of wind, pushed aside military prejudices, and won her victory. What consternation must have arisen in the minds of commanders . . . so it might have been if a Parisian laundress had suggested that Ardennes was unprotected, and a general staff had listened to her. So it would be now if a farm girl bringing a barrow of carrots to Les Halles, left her cart, went to the National Assembly and persuaded the professionals their partisanship should take a secondary place in their minds. It could not happen now any more than then.

The end of Joan is perhaps the most incredible part of all. It was not enough that without training she should be soldier and politician—she must also become theologian with her own life as the wager and sainthood as the hidden prize. Who then could have conceived that this troublesome, tiresome child would become the dream and the miracle?

Here I think is the reason writers are drawn to Joan, although their sense of reality is outraged by her story. We know what can and must happen, given the ingredients of life. But there is not one among us who does not dream that the rules may sometime be set aside—and the dream come true. We have the traditions of many miracles—but usually the witnesses were few, the records sparse and uncertain, and the truth obscured by time and the wishful recording of "after the fact." But to the miracle of Joan the witnesses were legion, the records exact, and the fact established. This is a miracle that *did* happen, and rules that *were* set aside. There is in our minds, because of Joan, the conviction that if it could happen then—it can happen again.

This is perhaps the greatest miracle of all—the little bit of Joan living in all of us.

—*Culver.*

The warrior-saint before her king.

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# Do You Believe in Missionaries?

IN A village in the hills below Jakarta, Indonesia, I met a man whose name, if I recall it correctly, was Satis Prasad. He was a Hindu priest who had come to Indonesia to look into the religious situation of the many people of Indian descent who lived in the area.

"I am not what you in the West would call a missionary," he said. "My purpose here is to find out how strong the attachment is to Hinduism of the present generation. But I would in fact like to become a missionary and perhaps you can help me."

"Help you? How?"

"By telling me if it is true that the American people believe in missionaries and support their work."

"To a very large extent, yes," I replied.

"Then they would be agreeable to my coming to the United States to work as a missionary among the Americans?"

"You would like to convert Americans to the Hindu religion?"

Satis Prasad smiled. He rose to his feet and slowly circled my chair.

"No," he said. "I would like to convert them to the Christian religion. You see, there are no basic differences in the moral substance of Hinduism and Christianity. Historically and theologically, of course, each has its own distinct character. But in the moral teachings they have far more in common than most people realize. I would like to concentrate on making Americans aware of the need to believe in these moral teachings, by whatever name they go. The important thing is not what I call it but the teachings themselves."

I asked Satis Prasad several questions. First, exactly what moral teachings did he have in mind that both Hinduism and Christianity had in common. Second, why did he feel the American people were in particular need of this kind of missionary work.

"I have made a study of the similarities," he said. "It is a pity, a great pity, that the Americans know so little about the religions of other peoples. That is one thing, incidentally, I should like to help to correct. For it is unChristian not to understand one's neighbors. Let me give you just a sample of the moral teachings shared by both religions."

He produced a card. In parallel columns he had written out in longhand passages from the Old and New Testaments and on the other side similar passages from the *Mahabbarata*, the epic poem of the Hindu religion. Under the Golden Rule, for example, he had copied the following:

*This is the sum of all true righteousness—*
*Treat others as thou wouldst thyself be treated.*
—MAHABBARATA.

*Whatever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him.* —OLD TESTAMENT.

*Whatsoever ye would that men do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the Law and the Prophets.* —ST. MATTHEW.

*A man obtains a proper rule of action*
*By looking on his neighbor as himself.*
—MAHABBARATA.

*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.* —ST. MATTHEW.

Under "Evil and Righteousness" he had copied out:

*Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again.* —ST. LUKE.

*High-minded men delight in doing good;*
*Without a thought of their own interest;*
*When they confer a benefit on others*
*They reckon not on favors in return.* —MAHABBARATA.

*Overcome evil with good.*
—ST. PAUL'S *Epistle to the Romans.*

*Overcome the evil man by goodness.* —MAHABBARATA.

*Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evildoers.*
*The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.*
—OLD TESTAMENT.

*Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.*—ST. MATTHEW.

*Then, in a religion bright with golden luster—*
*Center of light and immortality—*
*The righteous after death shall dwell in bliss.*
—MAHABBARATA.

Under the heading "Moral Conduct"

*If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.*
—ST. PAUL'S *Epistle to the Romans.*

*Even to foes who visit us as guests*
*Due hospitality should be displayed.* —MAHABBARATA.

*A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.* —OLD TESTAMENT.

*Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust does corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal but lay up for yourself treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust does corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.* —ST. MATTHEW.

*Lay up the only treasure; do good deeds;*
*Practice sobriety and self-contro*

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*Amass that wealth which thieves cannot abstract,*
*Nor tyrants seize, which follows thee at death,*
*Which never wastes away nor is corrupted.* —MAHABBARATA.

*Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way,*
*Which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*
—ST. MATTHEW.

*Heaven's gate is very narrow and minute;*
*It cannot be perceived by foolish men,*
*Blinded by vain illusions of the world.* —MAHABBARATA.

"This is only one side of one card," he said. "Actually, the parallel teachings could fill many pages."

"But the same could be said of all the world's great religions," I replied. "The oneness of man is nowhere expressed more dramatically than in the similarity of the spiritual teachings."

"Precisely," he agreed. "But the important thing is to get people to act on the basis of these teachings. And that is why I am so eager to help save Christianity. Christianity cannot survive in the abstract. It needs not membership but believers. The people of your country may claim they believe in Christianity but from what I read at this distance, Christianity is more a custom than anything else.

"YOUR very way of life, your whole economy, your foreign policy, your values—surely you must see the great inconsistency between them and the teachings of Jesus. Christianity is a religion of humility, of renunciation, of sacrifice, of moral purity. It is not a power doctrine for a nation or an individual. Yet even as you flout Christ's will you call yourselves Christians. My mission will be to get you to realize what you have to do before you have a right to use the term.

"I say this not in anger. America has given much to the world and can give more still. But in recent years you have lost much strength in direct proportion as you have departed from the literal acceptance of the doctrines you profess to follow. I can think of no country in history that weakened itself more than America did when it dropped two atomic bombs on living creatures. Please do not stop me by saying that there can be no religion in warfare. When you kill without reasoning, you go beyond war.

"Atomic energy transcended warfare and was the beginning of a new age on earth. You had sole possession of the secret. Your leaders knew the end of the war was at hand. They did not tell the truth when they claimed they were trying to save the thousands of lives that an invasion would cost. All the documents which have come out since the war have proved that your leaders knew the atom bomb was not necessary to win the war. Yet they used it not once but twice. If there was an excuse for the first bomb, what excuse do you give for the second a few days later?

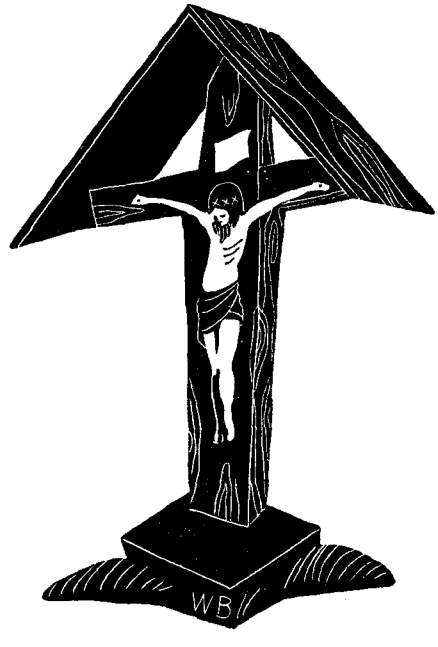
"These things weigh very heavily on me. Americans are my brothers. So are the Russians. But the Russians are opposed to the Hindu-Christian spiritual development of man. You at least accept it in theory, and that is why I want to come to America to see if I cannot get you to accept it in fact."

"What is it you would have us do?"

"I would ask in good conscience and in good faith that you first of all come to terms with yourselves. I would ask that you cease justifying your inconsistencies by saying, as so many of you often say, 'Of course, Christianity does not exist here in its pure form, anymore than it exists anywhere in the world in its pure form; it is an aspiration and we are moving towards it.' I would ask that you not take refuge in this argument. It is a trick of reasoning and is meaningless. Can you imagine Jesus explaining away the present Christian paradox by pointing to an aspiration?

"I would ask that you either accept the teachings of Jesus in your everyday lives and in your affairs as a nation or stop invoking His name as sanction for everything you do.

"Perhaps without realizing it, you have a superiority complex. You claimed that only you could do certain things, as in science, and it turns out that you were as wrong as everyone else in history who had made claims of superiority. Mistakes like these come at heavy price.




"America has much to offer the world. But it will continue to weaken itself unless it throws off its assumptions of superiority and thinks in terms of mutuality. True strength can only be in moral principle come to life.

"One has the impression you are made uneasy by talk concerning the literal application of such principles. You are impatient, for example, with anyone who says you should reexamine fearlessly all the circumstances and aspects concerning the decision to use atomic weapons on living targets. You are annoyed by this and would prefer to drop it and forget it. But you cannot drop it or forget it. You cannot because the same faulty reasoning which led you to use it expresses itself in so many other ways and decisions. And faulty reasoning creates its own punishments.

"I want to come to America to make you try to understand that retribution is not a random divine act for a random event but something men themselves fashion out of continuing error and out of a continuing failure to see the validity of moral law in their actions. I should like to tax the Christian individual with responsibility for the group.

"But most importantly, I should like to do what I can to help America prepare itself for the big developments of the next few years. Asia and Africa are now awake. They are tearing themselves free of their bondage. They are learning how to read and write and make things. Soon they will be more powerful even than you. What will happen when America discovers that it no longer is the most powerful nation in the world? Will it become resentful and antagonistic? Will it learn how to abide the fact that it is not predominately a white man's world? It must not be a dark man's world either; and both white and dark will have to make the adjustment.

"I would like to be able to convince the Americans that their guideposts at such a trying hour can be found in their own spiritual legacy, and not in striking out fiercely and wildly in an attempt to hold back history. For I would persuade them that the greatest honor and source of pride is to be found not in the banners of the group but in human brotherhood.

"I preach. I know I preach. That is exactly what I would like to do in America. I want to be a missionary in your country. I want to help save Christianity for the Christians. How do I go about doing this? Do the Americans believe in missionaries? Will Americans welcome me?" —N. C.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

## Sean O'Casey's One-Shilling Opera

SEAN O'CASEY has been canonized a genius by no less a drama critic than the late Bernard Shaw. His "Juno and the Paycock" and his "Plough and the Stars" have been anthologized among the world's great plays by the most learned editors. And in a composite of *SR*'s two recent surveys of British and American playwrights O'Casey easily won the title of "favorite living dramatist" of his fellow playwrights.

In spite of these abundant tributes, the seventy-one-year-old Irish exile and his family live an extremely modest existence in southwest England. (Two summers ago, when visiting this wonderful old rebel, I found the people of Devon boasting that Agatha Christie had a house along the River Dart, but completely unaware and unimpressed when informed that O'Casey was quietly writing books and plays in their midst.) Since 1934 O'Casey's writing has come to a near dead-end on the library shelf. When occasionally one of the six long plays or five short pieces he wrote in this twenty-one-year period was produced somewhere it always proved far less successful than his earlier two masterpieces.

O'Casey *aficionados* from time to time have attempted to promote interest in productions of these later plays, but have found the going extraordinarily rough. Not only do these plays contain frequent diatribes against the Church as it operates in Ireland, which are enough to alienate large blocks of his potential audience, but the fantastic flow of extravagant Irish dialect in rather plain circumstances requires very special and expert performance. On top of this he mixes his remarkable talent for startling comedy with sudden events of sobering gravity. And he obstinately insists on illustrating the points he is making melodramatically and at a length that injures the dramatic force of his story.

**"Red Roses for Me,"** which is the first Broadway production of a new full-length O'Casey play since "Within the Gates" twenty years back, is a case in point. Written in 1943, it deals with Ayamonn Breydon, an idealistic young transit-worker who saved his pennies to buy Shakespeare, Ruskin, Darwin, and a book of Constable reproductions. In the shabby surroundings of impoverished 1913 Dublin, a city where "we love the ideal Kaithleen ni Houlihan not because she is false, but because she is beautiful, and we hate the real Kaithleen ni Houlihan, not because she is true, but because she is ugly," Ayamonn has a grand vision of Dublin as it might be when the workers win their revolution. The one-shilling raise the transit employes are risking their lives for is all-important to him as he believes this small victory would be a sign that his shining new world was surely on its way to coming into being.

The ending is sad with Ayamonn killed in the strike, but it is also happy in that he dies in "a day's work done" that "will be begun again tomorrow," and in that he is mourned by the girl who had deserted him. As the old minstrel sings, "A sober black shawl hides her body entirely,/ Touched by the sun and the salt spray of the sea;/But down in the darkness a slim hand so lovely,/Carries a bunch of red roses for me."

Here is a play with moments of beauty, light, and free-flying comedy. Given a certain amount of cutting and a superb performance it might well have been a full landscape of 1913 Dubliners whose imaginations clashed so sharply with the narrowness of their existences.

Unfortunately, director John O'Shaughnessy has not evoked a fiery and full-throated performance from the present cast. The opening scene is played at such low intensity that we are never in danger of acquiring the "gorgeous notions" that Ayamonn's mother claims her fancy robe threatens to give her. Then when Sheila, Ayamonn's sweetheart, enters to inform him she cannot be with him tomorrow night because she must attend a retreat of "The Daughters of St. Frigid" she speaks O'Casey's joke with no twinkle in her eye.

Life does begin to leak into the play a bit when in Act II Brennan O'the Moor, a penurious Protestant minstrel, and narrowly Catholic Roory O'Balacaun carry on a delightfully absurd religious argument as they duck behind tables to avoid being hit by the stones of a mob. This mob, incidentally, has been angered by an atheist who has told them that "the story of Adam and Eve was all a cod."

Act III, despite the gloriously lit cobbled set of a Dublin bridge Howard Bay has designed, begins with the same lack of vitality as did Act I. Shabby street-vendors mumble rich lines like "A gold-specked candle white as snow was Dublin once; yellowish now, leanin' sideways an' guttherin' down to a last shaky glimmer in the wind o' life." Making matters more obscure are the frequent references to names and events which presuppose a familiarity with Irish history and folklore. Suddenly the dingy scene is transformed into an ecstatic vision, a Fenian rainbow with beggars dancing in gaily colored robes and the city glowing like Xanadu around them. This spontaneous joy is magical theatre, but Anna Sokolow's expert choreography makes us conscious that the interlude is as contrived as a piece of musical comedy and it is overlong in the bargain.

The final act in the churchyard is also overextended, and instead of devoting itself to a quick winding-up of matters, takes the liberty of bringing in fresh characters and plot, and all for the purpose of allowing Ayamonn's friendly Protestant rector a chance to exhibit a bit of braver against the stupidity that man commits in God's name.

KEVIN McCARTHY plays Ayamonn as an idealist somewhat too sobered by his own knowledge. Joyce Sullivan's Sheila is palely drawn. Eileen Crowe is unaccountably subdued as Ayamonn's mother. And Michael Clarke Laurence's friendly rector, emphasizes the British reserve a bit too strongly for the passion of O'Casey lines. One suspects that the actors attempting to create the reality of O'Casey's pathetic Dublin may have allowed an awareness of their own state to inhibit the vitality of the performances. E. G. Marshall, on the other hand, manages to get a bit of welcome sparkle into Brennan's monkeyshines, and Eamon Flynn comes closest of all to displaying in the role of Roory O'Balacaun that wild Irish exuberance this production needs.

"Red Roses for Me" is admittedly a hard play for a predominantly American-bred cast to attempt, and even as performed by the best Irish actors as it was nine years ago in London it was something less than a success. Yet as an ambitious work by one of the few great playwrights of our time it deserves to be produced here as best we can. Perhaps in this way "Red Roses for Me" and other O'Casey plays will find directors who can make his word-music as effective in the theatre as it seems on the printed page. And perhaps the great man will be encouraged into a temporary state of objectivity that will last long enough for him to revise his plays into the masterpieces they almost are.

—HENRY HEWES

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### Say Documentary and Smile

EVERY once in a while a film comes along to remind us that what interested audiences in movies in the first place was the possibility of seeing the world around them on the screen. *Documentaires* the early film makers called their brief glimpses of beavers building dams, of men felling a wall, or women dancing in the streets of Seville. *Documentaries* they are called today; but the word itself has acquired an overtone of social consciousness and intellectualism that rather detracts from the original excitement of watching people go about their daily tasks with that special, fascinating ease and assuredness that comes from long familiarity. Indeed, in the entertainment-conscious realm of motion pictures today, documentary has become something of a bad word. Today's movie makers prefer to conceal the information content of their pictures under fictional labels, often setting a familiar story pattern against documentary-type background or handling factual material in story film fashion.

And yet, as the Disney studios have profitably discovered, real-life material continues to exert its attraction. Our curiosity remains. We still wonder how dams are built (both by beavers and by men), how high-tension wires are strung across the nation, how enough produce comes into the markets every morning to feed an entire city. And independent film makers, who can't always afford the cars and studio stages required for production, have found that the real world offers them fantastic stages free for the taking, and themes that no studio could ever encompass. The result is the occasional "Kon-Tiki," a "Great Adventure," or the current **"Naked Prey"** (RKO). Here Allen H. Miner, producer, director, and photographer, set off from San Diego with the thirteen men of a small fishing boat and spent the next four months with them as they ranged the blue Pacific hunting the elusive tuna—first to Panama, then off to the volcanic islands of the Galapagos, eventually sailing as far as Peru to make the kill of strike that provides a profitable haul. Weeks were spent in searching for *anchovetta,* the tuna's favorite bait, tons of which must be kept alive until the tuna can be found. Then followed the wearying, monotonous, day by day look-out for the fish themselves, or rather for the swarms of leaping porpoises that indicate the tuna are far below.

The camera is the ideal instrument for recording this kind of operation, eliminating for the audience the days and weeks of waste and repeat motion, squeezing into seventy action-crammed minutes the details of finding and net-hauling the *anchovetta,* feather-baiting the tuna lines, the desperate search for the money crop, and finally the mounting excitement of the strike itself. Starting with twenty-five and thirty-pounders, the tempo rises sharply as 200-300 pound monsters are flung high into the air over the fishermen's shoulders and into the bins behind them. It makes for an absorbing and informative kind of entertainment, this story behind your tunafish sandwich; and the only pity is that the producer thought it necessary to liven his film with a hairy-chested, pseudo-Hemingway commentary that is often both superfluous and irritating.

A MORE familiar form of documentary, so far as Hollywood is concerned at any rate, is found in **"The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell"** (Warners). Mitchell, it will be remembered, was one of our first military men to become convinced of the importance of the airplane in the arsenal of our national defense. When the Army's higher echelons refused to listen to his recommendations Mitchell invited a court-martial to bring his arguments before the public at large. For this new film, writers Milton Sperling and Emmet Lavery have reconstructed his trial from the Army's records—aided, it must be admitted, by some thirty years of invaluable hindsight. Unfortunately, this kind of documentary-after-the-fact often produces the kind of drama that limps along to a foregone conclusion; and the audience's chief interest in this trial becomes less Mitchell's eventual vindication so much as whether Dayton Lummis looks like Douglas MacArthur, Ian Wolfe like Calvin Coolidge, Phil Arnold like Fiorello LaGuardia, or Gary Cooper like Mitchell himself. (Rod Steiger, playing the Army's hard-hitting prosecutor at the trial, resembles no one so much as Rod Steiger in other pictures.) The moderate success of these impersonations is symptomatic of the entire film. It abounds in historical figures but is singularly lacking in a sense of history itself.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.


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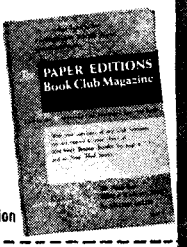


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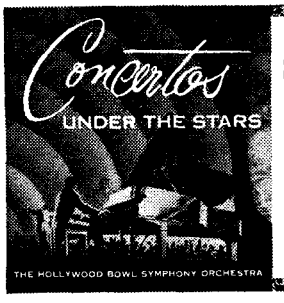
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## TV AND RADIO

### Invitation to the Picket-Line

AS ITS final production for 1955, Studio One (CBS-Westinghouse) offered "Fair Play," by Loring D. Mandel, after a *Saturday Evening Post* story by John and Ward Hawkins. Against this I am carrying on singlehanded (so far as I know) a crusade. I would like those readers of *The Saturday Review* who saw this program to join me on a picket line, under the banner: "Unfair to the Average Intelligent Man."

A soldier is brought up before a general court-martial, accused of murdering a girl. Assigned to his defence is an idealistic lieutenant with only five months of civilian practice behind him. He alone believes in the innocence of the accused and, despairing of his case, he appeals to the commanding officer of the camp. This general, defending the procedure of the MP's who arrested the man and of the court, drives the lieutenant into the difficult, almost hysterical position of denouncing the whole concept of justice in the army. The general then coldly dismisses him with the announcement that the lieutenant's radical ideas and emotional lack of balance will be made permanently a part of his record.

There is a fight in court, the lawyer is confined to barracks, he breaks out and roughs up one of the MP's and gets a confession. At that point the general turns a benign face to him and says "You don't know it, but the day *before* you came to me the officer presiding over the court-martial told me *he* thought the soldier was innocent and started an inquiry to find the guilty ones."

We have here an outrageous instance of the new standoff. It has nothing to do with the happy ending. It is, as Ring Lardner, Jr., pointed out in *The Nation* several months ago, a deliberate working up of our most generous emotions, coupled with a show of independence of mind, at the end of which we are smacked in the face and told that our rulers always know best. Lardner tied this to "The Caine Mutiny" trial, which is the most conspicuous example. It is prevalent in television—in "Patterns," in dramas of politics and business, even in plays of personal relations, where the rich and well-placed always turn out just dandy, no matter how vicious they have appeared to be.

In "Fair Play" the Army brass was presented as callous and hidebound beyond belief. I do not know whether the details of procedure were correct, but the fixed determination to railroad the accused was evident in the whole business. The Army, which has recently done something about its code of procedure, would be justified in protesting and the fake ending will not, I hope, pacify the Pentagon. And it should infuriate the civilian.

THIS is a matter of intelligence and the right use of intelligence is a moral problem. Yet I think it is right to bring up a purely esthetic matter. The play was an artistic botch. Nothing in the military characters displayed could account for the action of the play until the end, and the end was on the level of the long-lost twin from Australia in old mystery stories. All through it we were playing for keeps: murder and our entire military system are not subjects for fairytales. In the end a sign was put up, like the one seen all over Italy a generation ago: "Mussolini Is Always Right." Our sign in effect, accused us of disloyalty because we had doubted the profoundly humane spirit of Army justice.

We have all heard cases of foul in justice in the Army and outside of it. I do not challenge for a moment the right of an author to make out a case for the Army. I challenge his artistic integrity when this case is presented as a trick—a wicked and vicious one at that.

The intellectual level of hundreds of plays on television is medium-low and isn't offensive, because the themes chosen can be presented in that atmosphere. When an attempt is made to involve our emotions seriously, and then the level drops, we are justified in protesting. Something essential has been violated. —GILBERT SELDES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1137)

C. V. WEDGWOOD:

*THE KING'S PEACE*

For the chaste Charles I, no Nell Gwynne, prattling cockney anecdotes, opened a window into the *lives of his humbler subjects. . .* He "knew as much law as any gentleman in England," but had little conception of what the laws meant to those who lived under them.

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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Shostakovich by Oistrakh, "Samson," Stern

DAVID Oistrakh climaxed his impressive first visit to America with a dazzling service to his countryman Dmitri Shostakovich in a series of performances in Carnegie Hall of the new violin concerto (A minor, Op. 99), including a nationwide broadcast, with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society and Dimitri Mitropoulos in Carnegie Hall. No matter how well it is played in the future—and it is certain to be, often—there will always be those who will say, "But you should have heard Oistrakh play it." Among them, doubtless, will be the ones who cheered and applauded after the Thursday night premiere, also on Sunday.

The work has its share of unconventionality, none of it, however, in the name of effect alone. For one thing, it has two slow movements (Nos. 1 and 3) in the total of four. Shostakovich can write a *scherzo* with anybody, or such a *perpetuum mobile* as this finale, with ease and sure effect. Slow movements, however, are another matter. The growing conviction—after some perusal of the score, and audition of a rehearsal as well as of two live performances—is that the slow movements are outstanding in a work of great craftsmanship and much emotional communication.

It is a gamble, certainly, to invite an audience's attention to an opening 'Nocturne," but one more easily surmounted when the performer's magnetism, as in Oistrakh's case, complements the composer's purpose. Together, with Mitropoulos, they spoke the creator's piece effectively, with a master of the bow riding the strings in quest of all the eloquence the music contains. The broadcast hearing clarified some points previously obscure, specially in the area of design, as Oistrakh pulled out some gorgeous G string emphasis as well a silky intensity in the high positions tailored (as well as dedicated) to him.

The second slow movement ( a *passacaglia*) is perhaps the best-written movement in the work, certainly the most profound. It builds lyric variations over a rhythmically insistent motto theme, with some melodic figurations of a Brahmsian breadth. The orchestral texture is uncommon, as the written-out cadenza connecting third movement and finale. The two fast movements—a *scherzo* and a final "Burlesca"—are more conventional, but infused with the same vitality of thought and energy of expression which give the work direct appeal. In purely musical terms it states clearly the composer's emancipation from doctrines and restraints in pursuit of purely musical ends.

As premieres go, this was one of superior mechanical attributes, thanks to the all-out effort of Oistrakh and the equally estimable one of Mitropoulos and the orchestra. From rehearsal to performance, and from first performance to third there was a measurable gain in security and integration. The recording (made following all the public preparation) should present as settled a view of the whole matter as is possible within the given time span.

ON the same Thursday night as the premiere Pierre Monteux directed the most recent endeavor of the Metropolitan Opera to make a living entity of Saint-Saens "Samson et Dalila." He has a consistent way with this score, in which expansive tempi permit the static plan of the work (it was originally an oratorio) to develop without hurry or haste. What was heard of the principal vocalists (Rise Stevens, Ramon Vinay, Martial Singher, and Norman Scott) plus what was seen of the ballet in the first act, suggested that the usual concept of "innocent until proven guilty" can be amended to read "approved in principal, until facts to the contrary are discovered."

In a winter already productive of much notable violin playing—with more, no doubt, still to come—Isaac Stern's playing of the Beethoven concerto with the Philadalphia Orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy will remain a durable memory. It was not only noteworthy in itself, but a clear highwater mark for an artist whose physical capacities put no barriers between himself and ultimate objectives.

If a distinction has to be made, it was still a young man's Beethoven, springy in step, impetuous in mood, a little undisciplined in statement. Philosophically speaking, the player always had his head in the stars, where an older one might have looked to planting feet more firmly on the ground. But in the terms of the mood in which it was projected it was poised, direct in marksmanship, arrow-straight in musical purpose.

Stern has modified somewhat his former tendency to slashing effects at the expense of nicety in detail as he moves closer to what must be every artist's ideal—a harmonious balance of mind and muscle, impulse and execution. It was beautifully vibrant employment of the instrument's capacities, now and then unbridled in vigor, but never perfunctory. With time it could mature into one of the notable statements of this work in our time.

More than a little contribution to the total result was made by Eugene Ormandy's direction of the orchestral score, in the round a chamber-music concept, with all the players—sitting and standing—on an equal plane. The dynamic gradations were keenly adjusted, the interplay of solo and ensemble elements superbly controlled. Beginning with Sibelius's "En Saga" and Seventh Symphony, this was a happy evening of music, to which the applause of the sizable audience was clear testimony. —IRVING KOLODIN.

# January Night

By Frances Frost

WHEN the lean Wolf Moon climbs from underground
in the year's first month, go out to glittering night.
The constellations swing without a sound
above dark mountains buried deep in white.

Take winter slowly into the shivering bone,
take silver rime into the reluctant flesh,
warm with your blood the field, the bitter stone,
and let the Northern Lights in glory flash

across the zenith of your marveling soul.
You will be heart-brother of the starry air,
you will be blood-kin of winter, rich and whole:
there will never again be cold that you cannot bear.

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# The Conquest of Jazz

—Robert Parent.

"a miniature democracy . . . toleration and consideration."

By MARSHALL W. STEARNS, *who excerpted this article from his "The Story of Jazz," to be published this June by Oxford University Press.*

THE German army of occupation patroled Paris. Two floors below the street level a jazzband played in a soundproofed cellar. A scattering of German soldiers stood out among the civilians in the tightly-packed, smoke-filled room. Everyone concentrated on the music, clapping his hands, tapping his feet, or nodding his head in rhythmic agreement. Suddenly a series of loud blows splintered the door and the band stopped abruptly. It was the Gestapo, tommy-guns gleaming in the soft light. "Jam-sessions sind verboten," barked the officer.

At German headquarters Charles Delaunay, son of the modern painter and president of the French Hot [Jazz] Club, pleaded that the band was not playing American jazz but an old French folk song called "Tristesse de St. Louis." Der Hauptman did not happen to be acquainted with "St. Louis Blues," so Delaunay was eventually released. He promptly joined the underground resistance movement and the club became a busy way-station for the rescuing of Allied fliers. The jazz concerts continued, too, regularly attended by a handful of trusted German soldiers.

When tall, bespectacled Captain Dietrich Schultz was assigned to the German army of occupation in Paris his first act was to look up Delaunay. They both loved jazz. Within a matter of months, Schultz was eagerly helping his friend edit the 1943 edition of *Hot Discographie*, a bibliography of jazz recordings. The flow of desperate French *partisans* as he worked at the club never distracted the Prussian officer.

Captain Schultz was to become something of an international legend. *Das Schwarze Korps,* the official publication of the Storm Troopers, had warned that the German army was infected by a passion for American swing music. Nevertheless, a gangling German officer named Schultz who wore heavy glasses, according to journalist Richard Hanser, upset the negotiations for the surrender of German troops at St. Nazaire and Lorient by asking if anyone collected the recordings of Benny Goodman—in the middle of the proceedings.

"When Paris was finally liberated," says Delaunay, "jam-sessions were organized all over town, with American soldiers sitting in." A few weeks later, so the legend goes, a photograph of prisoner-of-war Schultz, ragged and without his glasses but still enthusiastic, appeared in *Stars and Stripes*. The caption stated that the prisoner would be very happy to receive any discarded jazz recordings.

The penetration and spread of jazz among nations that are not exactly friendly toward us is astonishing. The Russian commissars are puzzled by it, too. According to the *New York Herald Tribune* (November 27, 1952), *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the Communist youth organ, published a drawing of the Soviet zoot suiter—wide-shouldered, wasp-waisted, jacket drooping near the knees—and commented:

> His stare is vacant, his hair is full of brilliantine, his walk is languid, his ideal is the divine Linda . . . [at class] he sits holding one leg over the other, chewing American gum which somehow found its way into his hands. He smiles crookedly, his answers are made in a lazy voice, he is indifferent to everything except the possibility of getting a shirt from abroad . . .

The *Herald Tribune* headlined th item: "Moscow Views the Zoot Suite as Nothing but a Red Square." Th Russian editor was not particularl well-rounded, either, for he refers t the singer billed in the U.S.A. as "Th Divine Sarah (Vaughan)" as "Th divine Linda."

More recently, Mrs. Thomas Whi ney, wife of a former Associated Pre correspondent in Moscow, reports th "dzhaz"—or jazz—is bootlegged a over Russia (*New York Times,* Oct ber 23, 1953):

> "American songs, too, continue to be sung by the Russian people who manage to hear and learn them from foreign broadcasts and from records made from those broadcasts or smuggled into the country from abroad and sold from under the counter," Mrs Whitney said . . . "One of thei best sources . . . is from the musical backgrounds of anti-American movies and anti-American plays American music is permitted fo that, and Russian composers ca write jazz for that. So people while they are supposedly learn ing to hate America, are reall loving its music and learning it.

The recurring denunciations *Soviet Art,* the highest cultural thority in the Soviet Union, that is "crude, poverty-stricken, alien, superfluous" (*New York Times,* F ruary 17, 1952) have finally cea Moscow has learned the hard way

Jazz was also banned in Japan ing the war. Mr. Tay Muraoka, pr dent of the Hot Club of Japan, bounced out of bed on a gray Dec

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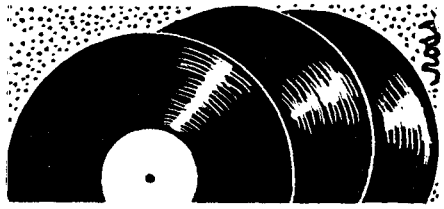

ber dawn by the military police, hustled to headquarters, and relieved of his jazz recordings. Muraoka's most vivid recollection, during the eighteen-hour interrogation that followed, was the foul odor that permeated the place. Headquarters had been converted from a stable. "To my surprise," says Muraoka, "they couldn't notice it, although I pointed it out." After his release he listened secretly to Station Tokio playing jazz fifteen minutes a day to make American soldiers homesick. He also consoled himself with a few salvaged recordings which he played under a quilt late at night in a closet.

BANNED by Mussolini, jazz in Italy —as in France—became one of the distinctive features of the resistance movement. With the arrival of jazz-conscious American troops, the murmur of interest grew to a rhythmic roar. There were eighteen Hot Clubs in Rome and lesser towns such as Padua and Alessandria. Jam sessions took place every Friday night at the Conchiglia Club, across the street from the shrine of classical music, Santa Cecelia. Disc jockey Leone Piccioni, who happened to be the son of the Minister of Justice, staged an hour-long session every fortnight over the state network.

The fanatical devotion that jazz kindles in the breasts of respectable citizens of more friendly nations from Melbourne to Stockholm and from Buenos Aires to Iceland is difficult for an American to comprehend. At the Australian Jazz Convention held in Melbourne in 1948, fifteen local bands competed and the Graeme Bell outfit went on to tour Europe for fourteen months. Admission to the convention was five shillings (about 45¢), which did not include the "Riverboat Trip" complete with jazzband which was guaranteed to reproduce the true spirit of "life on the Mississippi."

The popularity of jazz in Sweden is almost unbelievable. Nearly every high school in Stockholm is reliably reported to have its own jazzband, and a poll revealed that about two out of every three youngsters play some sort of jazz instrument—usually the sax or clarinet. The National Palace, Stockholm's famous concert hall, is owned by jazz enthusiast "Topsy" Lindblom who—perhaps quite logically—was once Olympic champion of the hop, skip, and jump. Even the Lapps compete in Lindblom's jazzband contest. In 1948 a group of high-school students led by Olle Grafstrom won all the contests, toured Finland, and made several successful movie shorts.

Perhaps the peak of jazz idolatry has been reached in France. An elaborate festival was produced in Nice in 1949, and a more or less competing Salon du Jazz which turned away an overflow crowd of 5,000 was presented in Paris in 1950. One hundred thirty works of art—by Leger, Dali, Dubuffet, Severini, Baumeister, and Mondrian—were shown. Special jazz films were exhibited. Lectures were given by pundits Goffin, Radzitsky, and Hodier. Concerts were played by American jazzmen Sidney Bechet, Roy Eldridge, Don Byas, and James Moody accompanied by talented French jazz musicians. The French Minister de l'Education put in an official appearance and stayed over to see the films.

The experience of American jazzmen abroad leaves them dazed and shaken. The iron curtain swung wide for trumpeter Rex Stewart—formerly with Duke Ellington—when he played a concert in the Western zone of Berlin. "Man, I nearly got cheered to death," he reported. The hall was filled with shouting Russians who crossed official boundary lines in unofficial droves.

When Louis Armstrong visited Europe in 1950 armed guards had to be called out to protect him in each of nine countries. His worshipers threatened to trample him down. "My trip to Europe was something that I shall never forget," he wrote later, and added apprehensively "My Gawd, how could I!" He had an audience with the Pope, who inquired kindly about his children. Armstrong replied that he had no children but that this state of affairs was not due to lack of effort—a remark that was deleted from the version appearing in *Holiday* magazine. On his return Armstrong received a thank-you note from the State Department.

In 1952 a jazz trio composed of Gene Krupa, Teddy Napoleon, and Charlie Ventura toured Japan. "It was the most tremendous thing I've ever experienced," exclaimed Krupa wonderingly, "even greater than any of the big days with Goodman." Saxophonist Ventura, as quoted by *Downbeat*, was stunned:

> The experience was just too much. There was nothing the people wouldn't do for us. And they'd wait for hours just to get an autograph, or take your picture, or shake your hand. We'd get off the stand, and waiting for us in the dressing room would be three little baskets of cold towels, three big bottles of beer, three stacks of sandwiches — everything in threes.

Weeks later the three jazzmen were still unwrapping the gifts that had been showered upon them.

There was some doubt among bookers whether Norman Granz's package of nine musicians and Ella Fitzgerald billed as "Jazz at the Philharmonic," would make a hit abroad. The firs concert in Stockholm was sold out si hours after it had been announced and the group proceeded upon a highl successful tour of Sweden, Denmark France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Germany. Mr. Granz, former philosophy major at the Uni versity of California, was hard hit b the attitude of the audiences:

> The wonderful thing about the people of Sweden . . . is their treatment of jazz artists. The moment we arrived, there was a press conference at which all of the newspapers took pictures and interviewed us . . . The European audiences have a healthier respect for all art forms, whether it be dance, painting, or in this instance jazz.

"Daddy-O," reported Miss Fitzge ald happily, "it was the most."

After five furious weeks in Eur in 1953 Stan Kenton and his orches came home for a rest. The high pc of the trip took place in Dublin, wl the close of the concert was gree by "a solid wall of sound. You coul distinguish anything—cheers or wh ever—it was just continuous sou The emotional impact, as repo by *Downbeat*, was literally indesc able:

> A man came up to us in Ge many and was very much carri away by the concert. He said, "Ja is not only music but also a w of life, and what we want to kn more about."
>
> Then there were the kids w couldn't speak English. The grab me by the arm; I could f them trembling. Tears came i their eyes and all they could s was "Stan!"

Here is something from the U that seems true and sincere an tensely moving to many Europe

Lionel Hampton's band, which a far different style, followed K abroad with similar success. The turned with a solid half year's bo for the next year. Hampton was by the seriousness with which j treated:

> Jazz there is like politics. the big sport of intellectual

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rope, but it gets to be a serious one . . . they fight physically . . . like at a concert we gave, Panassie clapped at the end of a number. The man behind him thought he clapped too long or something and slapped Panassie on the top of the head. Up came Panassie and his cane, but the cops stopped it. The people all around though were ready, they were grumbling and mumbling.

Hampton's only trouble was from the 'impresarios who wanted to give us he money for next year."

Reports on the Hamburg riot dur- ng Armstrong's 1955 tour vary. Ac- ording to Belair in *The New York 'imes* (November 6, 1955), the riot ras caused by the crowds which were rned away. A French reporter lames the promoter. But the *U.S. 'ews and World Report* (December 1955) quotes Armstrong in a taped terview as saying:

> People just wanted us to play on some more. We played an encore. I took a bow with my shirt off. [Armstrong had been chang- ing his clothes in the dressing room], but they still wouldn't go. Nobody was hurt.
>
> I was supposed to play two con- certs that night, but they broke up the chairs—they got tired of applaudin' with their hands and started applaudin' with the chairs. . . .
>
> Then the police turned the fire hose on them. The hall was a mess. The same thing happened in Roubaix, France. And in Lyons, too. . . . We played for three hours in Lyons and the people clapped from 1 to 1:30 in the morning.

few days later, according to the es, the 12,000 Frenchmen out of 15,000 who were unable to get s for clarinetist Sidney Bechet's cert in Paris "wrecked the joint." cidentally, anyone who wonders it Louis Armstrong's adequacy as ambassador of good will might glance at the interview. Asked e is a religious man, Armstrong es: "Yeah. I'm a Baptist and a friend of the Pope's and I always a Jewish star a friend gave me uck." Asked which is his favor- uropean country, Armstrong re- promptly: "All of 'em." Asked if eason people insist on quiet while playing is because he's a famous , Armstrong replies: "No, it's se I'm playin' something they to hear." And when some "Ber- ts" wanted him to blow his horn Russian sentry guarding a Red statue, Armstrong excused him- "All I know is the horn, not s . . . the Russians might have it wrong."

The cause of another riot in Oslo seems clear. The *New York Post* (October 3, 1955) reports that an impatient janitor turned a fire hose on a crowd waiting to buy tickets for an Armstrong concert. It was election day and the janitor was trying to keep the entrance to a newspaper building open. "While those crazy mixed-up adults were voting in municipal elections today," the *Post* reports, "2,000 kids fought for tickets to a concert by Louis Armstrong." If the ticket-buying crowd was anything like the crowds that have turned out for Armstrong elsewhere, however, adults formed a good part of the group.

Some of the implications of these incidents were brought home to many Americans by Belair's special to *The New York Times* (November 6, 1955), which appeared on the front page: "United States Has Secret Sonic Weapon—Jazz." Commenting on another sold-out concert by Armstrong, this time at Victoria Hall in Geneva, Belair wrote,

> America's secret weapon is a blue note in a minor key. Right now its most effective ambassador is Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong. . . . This is not a pipedream from a backroom jam session. It is the studied conclusion of a handful of thoughtful Americans from Moscow to Madrid. . . .
>
> The disappointed customers were not Swiss "hep cats" but sober adults willing to pay almost $4 to hear musical individuality . . . They find in jazz a subject for serious study. . . . A German Swiss of Zurich came closest to the explanation. . . . "Jazz is not just an art," he said. "It is a way of life."

Belair suggests a reason for the appeal of jazz: "the contest between musical discipline and individual expression it entails" symbolizes modern existence. Pointing out that jazz, unlike classical music, is best played by Americans, Belair concludes that it has a high propaganda value—for to be interested in jazz is to be interested in things American.

Indeed, jazz has come to represent a kind of international brotherhood. "I know a lot of people here," writes author and critic Nestor R. Ortiz Oderigo of Buenos Aires, "who have studied the English language and American history because of their interest in jazz. . . . For jazz is a wonderful music and a great force for drawing human creatures together." The president of the Frankfort Hot Club, Olaf Hudtwalker, observes: "A jam session is a miniature democracy. Every instrument is on its own and equal. The binding element is toleration and consideration for the other players."

The Swiss journalist, Arthur Goepfert, names names: "We get an hour-and-a-half program from the Voice of America; a half-hour of talk, a half-hour of jazz, and a half-hour of Lombardo. If it were all jazz, you'd make a lot more real friends." The British film editor, Peter Tanner, writes: "I have many friends, some of whom I have never met, through jazz." And Lionel Hampton sums it up: "People would say to us, jazz is the only true art form America can present to the world. We gave the symphonies and classics to music, but jazz is for you to give."

MEANWHILE, the "Record Exchange" of the French Hot (Jazz) Club—which once had to send to Rumania in order to get otherwise unobtainable recordings of American jazz—handles swaps by fans in Egypt, Uruguay, Java, Spain, India, Argentina, and North Africa, as well as all of Europe. And as far back as 1949, over 110 magazines devoted entirely to jazz had appeared in such cities as Rekjavik (Iceland), Sastra (Argentina), Antwerp, Columbo (Ceyon), Tokio, Melbourne, and Zurich. The number of Hot Clubs all over the world must run into the thousands.

Granting, then, that jazz is an expanding reservoir of good will outside the U.S.A. and that it is of great propaganda value, many Americans are still asking themselves and each other: "Is it ART?" At this point, the question is beginning to sound a little ridiculous. The not-so-simple fact is that a great many European intellectuals—such as Jean Paul Sartre, for example—assume without a moment's hesitation that jazz is a fine and serious art, and proceed to philosophical disquisitions on the music. At home, perhaps because of its humble origins, jazz has received a bad press for almost fifty years. There are signs of a new day coming but social and even artistic stereotypes die hard. The mere survival of jazz demonstrates its vitality; a little careful listening should demonstrate its artistic merit.

**Milt Mezzrow (left) and Louis Armstrong in Nice. (Hotel Negresco in background).**

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# A Buss for Basie . . . *Twenty Years of the "One O'Clock Jump"*

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

AT FIFTY-ONE, William "Count" Basie, the rotund, slightly pop-eyed pianist-organist-bandleader, has, for good or bad, suddenly become an institution. Basie's music, however, has never been stone and glass and paunchery, but rather, is at its best, knee-actioned and windy and sneakered, and even, deceptively, footling and good-time-Charlie. This new status, surprisingly, is only about three years old. For, in 1938-1942, when Basie had his finest band, Lunceford, Ellington, Goodman, Calloway, and Benny Carter were still in full sprout. A good many listeners admired Basie then, to be sure, but their respect was unavoidably watered by an embarrassment of other riches. Now big-band jazz, like tall hedges, is gone. And only Basie, with sporadic contention from Kenton, Woody Herman, and Ellington, moves on.

There is, though, a better reason than this left-handed one for the Basie renascence: Jazz has finally caught up to what he so quietly and offhandedly began in 1936. This was done, first of all, with the aluminum rhythm section of Jo Jones (drums), Freddy Green (guitar), Walter Page (bass), and Basie (piano). Together they evolved a new rhythm, in which all the beats in the bar became, like ball bearings, rolling and equal, so that, during a solo, or in any of the innumerable, sunny releases Basie took toward the close of a number, or when skating along beneath the band, the beat slid as though over glass. It was a rhythm, nevertheless, that made your feet flapjangle around like flounders in a box. The uptempo numbers were quite a different thing. For on, say, "Doggin' Around" or "Clap Hands Here Comes Charlie," the section would abruptly lace up very tight, muscles, undreamed of, bulging, and the world would tilt. Above the rhythm section were the saxophones, which in their collective and individual smoothness and inspiration have been equalled only by Ellington's Webster-Hardwick-Bigard-Hodges-Carney section of the same years. Here, at various times on tenor saxophones were Herschel Evans, who lined all his solos with a kind of restless poignancy; Buddy Tate, an imaginative disciple; Lester Young, lazily dry and wheaty, who strung his chords into solo choruses that became, in a sense, single continuous phrases, and, as the peak of jazz improvisation, virtual new melodies; Chu Berry, who played with enormous whimsey; and for a time, Don Byas, who somehow suggested patent leather. Anchoring everything was Jack Washington, the baritone saxophonist, and on top were Tab Smith—the thickest-toned alto saxophonist in jazz—and Earl Warren. The trombone section produced the indispensable Vic Dickenson; Benny Morton, who combed Jimmy Harrison smooth; and the extraordinary Dickie Wells, who, though he has never been given full due, remains one of the most imaginative, unclassifiable, and uninhibited jazz trombonists. The trumpet section, finally, had Buck Clayton, whose sweet blueness continues today; Emmett Berry; and the plastic Harry Edison, whose big bent phrases hung in the air like bells

Like the Ellington band of the sam time, this Basie band achieved a curi ous distinction. It played like a bi small band. Some of this was due t the simplicity of Basie's arrangement a good many of which were "heads limited to one-two-three riffs an plain sectional figures used primaril as offsetting cushions for the man soloists. Another distinction was i deep sense of taste. The band had r blare about it. It had a good deal lyricism. The net effect of this unde statement was an overall clarity, t implication of unuttered strengt and a kind of dampered, muscul eloquence.

BASIE was born in Red Bank, N Jersey, and, after working arou New York, eventually arrived in Ka sas City in the early Thirties wh a theatre tour he had been with c lapsed. He soon joined Bennie Mote band, and after Moten's death in 1 took it over. Two years later, with help of John Hammond and Will Alexander, Basie had a recording c tract and had been formally int duced in New York. The war, and ensuing collapse of jazz, finally stroyed in the late Forties what left of the original band, and fo time Basie tried a small unit. His group, formed in 1952, has an enti different personnel, with the exc tion of Freddy Green. Its mate are still predominantly blues-ba but the basic approach is somev changed. More polished, the band also become heavier and more gressive, as if, peculiarly, somet

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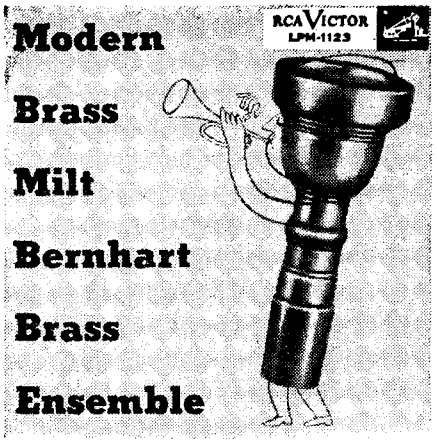


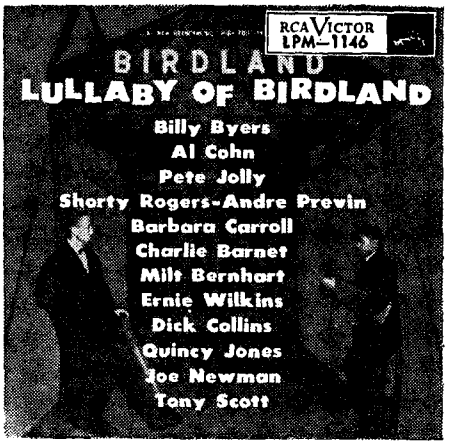

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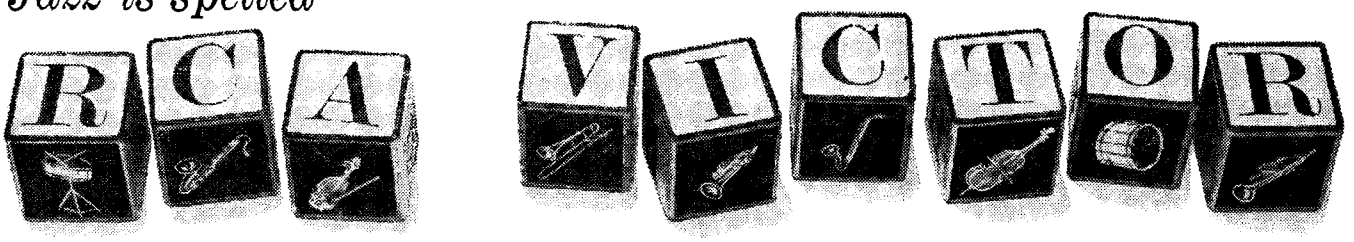


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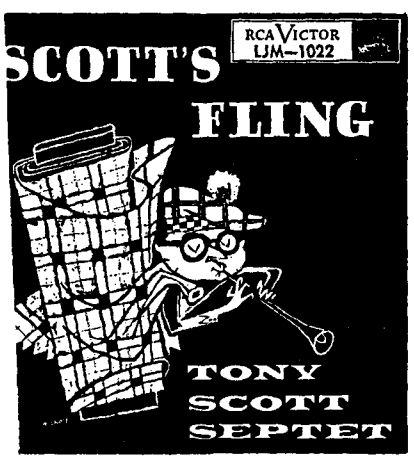


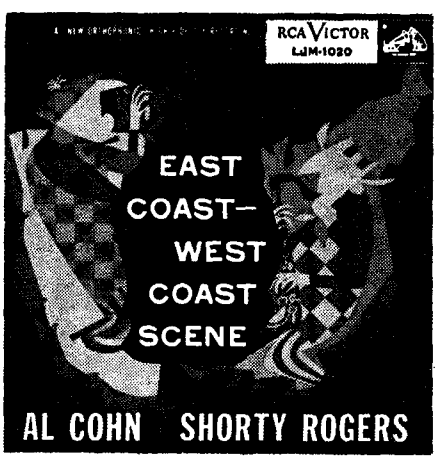

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had yet to be proved. At its weakest the band is strident and pummeling. Out of it, however, has already come a new and steadily impressive batch of soloists—Joe Newman, Thad Jones, Benny Powell, Frank Wess, Frank Foster—who are beginning to cast wreaths of influence around, much as the earlier Basie sidemen did.

Basie himself plays the piano as if he were twiddling his thumbs. The famous style of delicately struck single notes and simple clusters of notes in the right hand, and the suggestion of the striding left hand, stems, of course, from Fats Waller and certain of the Kansas City pianists. It's an absurdly simple style. It's also inimitable. For its secret lies in its continual reliance on surprise, and on a superior knowledge of sprung rhythms. It is not often pointed out, though, that Basie, when he is working with both rumbling hands behind a soloist or the whole band, is probably at his peerless best.

With the aid of hindsight and the final crystallization of be-bop, it is now plain that Basie, in addition to being the epitome of Swing, has provided at least part of the foundation for modern jazz. Long ago the band proved that the old Mortonish chunkiness—the clipping after-beats, the shorty, busy phrases, the leaden section work—could be profitably swept out of jazz. At the same time, his bouyant brightness cleared the way for new complications, just as Jane Austen and Dickens polished up the language for the eventual fancies of Joyce and Eliot. But after be-bop had been built, stone by wild stone, one began to realize that its inheritors would not be much more than skilful copyists. When the music became tortured and boring, an odd thing happened and is still happening. The Elgin Marbles, as it were, appeared, and the neo-Basie era was born.

In the past couple of years there have been a host of new records issued by Vanguard, Keynote, Victor, Columbia, and other labels that are nothing more than Basie revivified. Sometimes, on these dates, original members of the band will be on hand —fine wine uncorked and breathing. More often the musicians are young modernists. One effect of this is that much modern jazz is, by the sun of Basie, growing warmer and looser and less pompous. All the young men, in fact, are beginning to play like young men and to speak—solemnly—of how necessary it is for good jazz to *swing*. This fundamental truth, laid down with the Pyramids, would have been regarded as blasphemous ten years ago. But then institutions, to live, must embody, somewhere in their innards, at least one heresy.

# The New York Scene

By NAT HENTOFF, *jazz authority, man about bistros, and New York editor of* Downbeat.

THE TIME was, in the mid-1940s, when jazz clubs were in such plentiful propinquity along 52nd Street that a musician could expend the whole night sitting in at each room in turn. As clarinetist Tony Scott remembers those years, "I used to go from one joint to another, every half hour, like from where Ben Webster was playing to where Erroll Garner was to where Sid Catlett had the band." And pianist Billy Taylor adds, "The cutting sessions there were just fantastic. With all of the musicians regularly working on The Street and with all those sitting in, astonishing sessions were inevitable."

Ten years later a string of strip joints has encamped on 52nd Street, and only two jazz clubs remain. The practice, furthermore, of allowing—in fact, welcoming—visiting musicians to sit in has all but disappeared, not only on 52nd Street but almost everywhere in the city. The big tenor, Ben Webster, who loves free-style, impromptu sessions, lamented recently, "There have been times in the last ten years when there just hasn't been any place to go."

Ten years have also changed the uptown musical topography. An English jazz critic recently asked plaintively, "Does no one go uptown anymore?" Few do, and the reason is that jazz in Harlem now consists mainly of weekends at Minton's on West 118th Street (where much of modern jazz was born), some jamming at Connie's at 7th Avenue around 135th Street, and intermittent gigs at a few other clubs.

Yet, despite these changes in the city, the present club framework for jazz in New York is far from frail. Expatriate trombonist Nat Peck, for example, a few weeks ago reassured anxious readers of the French magazine, *Jazz-Hot*, that the reports they had been hearing about the sickly condition of jazz in New York were not true. Wrote Peck with oratorical passion after describing a brief trip back to the New York circuit: "La flamme sacrée brûle avec une intensité qui n'est pas prête de faiblier."

The flame is essentially no less high than a decade ago. It is, however, more widely distributed throughout the city, and there are more varied jazz clubs than there used to be, since jazz, in the process of its growth, has developed many tributaries of its mainstream musical language, and each tributary has its devoted, often contentious, adherents. It is true that, except for Connie's and Minton's uptown and the Bohemia in the Village, there isn't much sitting in these days. The main reason for this infrequency of jam sessions is that small combos have become increasingly stylized. Each is apt to have its own uniquely flavored arrangements and each prefers to make its impact as a cohesive unit. Jazz still allows extended freedom of expression for its soloists, but that freedom is heard more and more within a carefully planned ensemble context.

Most of the city's jazz clubs are now in the midtown and Greenwich Village areas. The only jazz hostelry on the East Side is the Embers on East 54th Street. The Embers is a large comfortable room whose customers come mainly to dine and talk. Musicians who take their work seriously do not generally enjoy playing at the Embers since the volume level of conversation offers incessant competition to the music. The Embers specializes mainly in pianists, and regulars during the year include Dorothy Donegan, George Shearing, and the Embers's better nights Erroll Garner. The lyrical guitar of John Smith is often present as are mute extrovertish small units led by trumpeter Jonah Jones and trombonist Tyree Glenn.

SEVERAL musicians feel that although with the growing volume of conversation the Embers does not present consistently good musical bills as it once did. "When Teddy Wilson was a regular," one drummer with a taste for high society recalls, "even the Duchess of Windsor used to come across the street from El Morocco to stay at the Embers for three hours almost every night. She doesn't come anymore." Neither do the more attentive jazz listeners, at least not as often as they used to. Currently on hand at the Embers are Dorothy Donegan's trio and Jonah Jones's quartet.

A more musical—and more attentive—club is The Composer on East 58th Street. This curvilinear room concentrates on pianists, and frequent appearances are made by English

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anist, Ralph Sharon; the skilled French jazzman, Bernard Peiffer; Eddie Heywood; John Mehegan (who also teaches jazz improvisation at Juilliard); the subtly swinging Barbara Carroll; the eminently tasteful Billy Taylor; and the more commercial Cy Coleman. Occasionally there is the instrumental unit of the affably versatile Don Elliott (vibes, mellophone, trumpet, vocals, and bongo drums). Heywood and Peiffer also appear at The Embers. Present residents at The Composer are Messrs. Elliott and Sharon.

On 52nd Street there remain two robustly historical locations—Jimmy Ryan's and the Hickory House. At Ryan's the usual band-in-residence is ed by trombonist Wilbur DeParis and mphasizes its own distinctive if ather rigid brand of traditional jazz. Almost all bands that play Ryan's, in act, must have a solid working nowledge of the New Orleans-Dixieland repertoire. Solo intermission pianist is the venerable Don Frye.

The Hickory House, like the Embers, is as well known for its food as s music, a circumstance that is often ying for the working musicians. hese musicians usually are the Marn McPartland trio, one of the more ıently enjoyable units in New York. ıe attractive Miss McPartland, an ıglish girl, plays with a notable mbination of strength and gracelness, and her thoroughly admirable sociates are drummer Joe Morello d bassist Bill Crow.

Farther west, near the corner of oadway and 52nd, is the most faous jazz club in New York and, for ıt matter, in the world. Out-country musicians and jazz lovers ning to New York for the first time ve been known to enter Birdland h a reverence and quality of anpation usually reserved for less ular monuments. Two prominent glish jazzmen, Johnny Dankworth Alan Ganley, for example, visited v York this past summer. They ved in town at approximately m., much the worse for a lumpy al trip, but before going to their l, they directed their taxi driver Birdland. There they stood in re-tful if exhausted silence for sev-minutes before yielding to their ue.

rdland, named after the late rlie "Bird" Parker (the key figure ıe growth of modern jazz), books e and bigger jazz names than any r club in town. Count Basie, se blazing big band is the joy of cians and many listeners, is at and some twenty weeks each

Other renowned regulars are ı Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan on, Dinah Washington, Lester Young, Bud Powell, Johnny Smith, Jeri Southern, Terry Gibbs, and this coming year, Carmen McRae, and the Hi-Los. Birdland also has continuing Monday night sessions that provide new formations and often relatively unknown musicians a chance to be heard. This belowstairs club is dim and often densely crowded, but for the true believer it is a central shrine. Now at Birdland are Dizzy Gillespie and the Commanders, a dance unit.

On 51st Street, near Broadway, there is Basin Street, a large but inconsistently booked room. Basin Street is open weekends only during much of the fall, winter and spring—except for holiday periods when full weeks are the rule—but expects to run six-days-a-week in the summer. The club books several stimulating jazz artists like Ella Fitzgerald, Dave Brubeck, the Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet, J. J. Johnson, and Kai Winding and even, early last year, Benny Goodman. But it also indulges in out-of-context rhythm and blues bookings like Earl Bostic and Buddy Johnson. As a result, there is not the certainty among the jazz populace (as there is concerning Birdland) that "something's always happening" at Basin Street. When there is a good musical attraction, however, Basin Street is a more comfortable resting place than Birdland, but lacks the excitement of the latter club.

ON Seventh Avenue and 48th Street, there lies the Dixieland center of the Midtown area, the Metropole. Alternating bands of jazz veterans play from a long bandstand suspended over an even longer bar. The music is most often loud and brash, but no more so than the customers. The leaders of the Metropole's bands are usually Henry "Red" Allen, Jr., originally from New Orleans, and clarinetist Sol Yaged with drummer Cozy Cole. A number of historical (and still quick) figures in jazz history are Metropole regulars. Included are Buster Bailey, Zutty Singleton, Claude Hopkins, Ken Kersey, and Louis Metcalf. Although the music lacks several degrees of subtlety, the Metropole is an oddly agreeable, happy refuge, the sort of surroundings in which an introvert can imagine himself to be outgoing.

Greenwich Village has three jazz centers. Eddie Condon's recently celebrated its tenth birthday on West 3rd Street, one block south of Washington Square. The host, the famed raconteur and spectral author, infrequently addresses himself to his guitar, but his astutely colorful presence is nonetheless of epigrammatic importance in the room. The band seldom changes at Condon's and its anchor is the ferociously exuberant cornetist, Wild Bill Davison. Also currently on stand are the extraordinarily eloquent (albeit hoarsely so) Pee Wee Russell, Cutty Cutshell, Gene Schroeder, and two important contributors to the story of jazz, bassist Walter Page and drummer George Wettling.

Nick's, where Condon often played and was fired before opening his own club, produces steaks and Dixieland at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 10th Street. Billy Maxted has the band there now. Dixieland at Nick's is usually crisp, assured, and expertly tailored for the Ivy League,

The most adventurous club in New York is Cafe Bohemia on Barrow Street near Sheridan Square. It is here that many of the more modern (often experimental) units receive bookings not yet available to them midtown. In recent months, the Bohemia has housed the Modern Jazz Quartet; the Jazz Messengers; Charlie Mingus's Jazz Workshop; the strongly individualistic pianists, Herbie Nichols and Randy Weston; Lee Konitz; Howard McGhee, and Allen Eager; and now The Six. The room is one of the most relaxed in New York and in addition, has a rather elaborate hi-fi system to further magnetize the serious jazz listener.

It is the Bohemia that many of the musicians themselves prefer on their off nights, both because of the provocative nature of its fare and the fact that sitting in is still practised there. It was at the Bohemia, to cite the best known instance of the year, that a large young unknown altoist named Cannonball, a visitor from Florida, sat in for the first time this summer. As a result of the impression he created among the more established jazzmen that night Cannonball has appeared since on several jazz LPs, is now an exclusive recording artist for

Milt Jackson of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

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EmArcy (the Mercury jazz subsidiary), and will take his own small combo on the road in February. A further example of the excitingly diversified and almost always challenging programs at the Bohemia was the recent bonanza Sunday which featured Charlie Mingus's unit with guests Thad Jones and Max Roach, the Lee Konitz quartet, and Miles Davis's quintet.

JAZZ in New York comes to an uninhibited, beery end on Second Avenue, where large, free-for-all sessions are held every Friday and Saturday nights at Central Plaza at 6th Street. Friday nights are currently the rule at the Stuyvesant Casino on 9th Street, but Saturday seminars will resume there from March 17 to May 12. At both locations there gather large numbers of young people who dance and otherwise extend their limbs to informal Dixieland and swing sets provided by a combination of aging veterans and younger revivalists. At Jack Crystal's Central Plaza shivarees this week there are likely to be Pee Wee Erwin, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Panama Francis, Roy Eldridge, and Tyree Glenn, among others. After paying the $1.80 admission on Fridays ($2 on Saturdays), the patron may then simply sit and watch. But most prefer to order cokes or pitchers of beer at $1.25.

Much the same northern Mardi Gras atmosphere prevails at Bob Maltz's Stuyvesant Casino where youngsters dance and drink beer to the music of such distinguished regulars as Billy Butterfield, Bobby Hackett, Coleman Hawkins, Miff Mole, Vic Dickenson, Cecil Scott, Joe Marsala, Cliff Jackson, Hank Duncan, Zutty Singleton, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. The admission and main beverage prices at the Stuyvesant are the same as at Central Plaza.

This, then, has been a survey of the major jazz forums in New York. There are smaller and more occasional rooms, and there is a steady increase in jazz facilities on Long Island, but the places cited herein are the chief carriers of "la flamme sacré." There are still not enough clubs, in New York or anywhere in the country, to employ enough of the musicians and units who have stimulating things to say but haven't yet gathered large enough reputations to work the more established rooms. But at least the club situation isn't worsening, and there is a growing college and concert circuit that is beginning to complement the clubs. Some observers feel, in fact, that eventually the clubs will be secondary sources of jazz playing as jazz inexorably gravitates toward the college and concert circuits.

# Jazz History in Word and Picture

IT IS perhaps not surprising, but nevertheless gratifying, that the growing organization of the sounding history of jazz into a coherent whole—thanks to the LP record and the projects it permits—has coincided with the production of some valuable publications, verbal and pictorial. It is a complementary indication of a public curiosity induced but not wholly satisfied by the music itself. Never before, certainly, has so much basic data about jazz musicians been gathered together as in Leonard Feather's **"The Encyclopedia of Jazz"** (Horizon), nor so thorough a photographic documentation of the same subject as in Orrin Keepnews and Bill Grauer, Jr.'s **"Pictorial History of Jazz"** (Crown). Gentleman (after bowing), be seated!

With all regard for the mammoth energy exhibited by Messrs. Keepnews and Grauer in bringing together some 600-plus evocative pictures within hard covers, the major admiration at this moment goes to Feather for his enterprise in compiling this "Almanac de Gotham," his " 'Sonny' Burke's Peerage" of "Who's Who" in jazzdom. Pictures, after all, merely have to be collected and collated. Facts have to be assembled and checked, analyzed and evaluated, checked and rechecked. In my usage so far, I haven't caught Feather off-base on a fact about a bass player (or a trumpeter, for that matter), even though the "Sonny" Burke noted above seems to have slipped through the otherwise efficient net.

Like such other contributors to our knowledge of American jazz as Panassie, Delaunay, and Robert Goffin, Feather is a "quota" American, that is to say, of foreign birth. Whatever his origin, however, he is now wholly absorbed in our bloodstream, an English squire who has skirted the status of square to become an arbiter of taste and a molder of fashion. Whatever debt he owes to us for a lifelong obsession, not to say career and profession, he has handsomely repaid with this broadly basic work of documentation.

If you are mystified to know why C. Calloway is called "Cab," you will find on page 113 that he was born Cabell, in Rochester, New York. Likewise, in writing formally to "Buck" Clayton, address Wilbur. Eleanor Gough McKay may be a nonentity, but not if you know her as "Billie" Holiday. Similar attention to detail produces much informative matter about each of the round 1,000 or so personalities included. With each capsule biography—those of Edward Kennedy Ellington and Daniel Louis Armstrong run to substantial length—goes a systematic record of parental condition, education, bands worked with, etc. It's enough to make any dilettante into an authority, for which some credit is owing to John Hammond, who urged it into existence.

A handsomely printed, beautifully bound book (with some 200 photographs included at the list price of $10) the "Encyclopedia of Jazz" also includes an introduction by Ellington, a concise history of jazz as preamble, a discussion of the technical aspects of the music, etc. I can't estimate what kind of financial reward Feather will gather from his effort, but he's already earned immeasurable thanks from this grateful reader.

IF THE Feather volume provides a accessible when-and-where of almos any major jazz personality, the Keep news-Grauer compilation sheds a absorbing light on how and who. Th sound of an early Armstrong "H Five" disc takes on a new vividnes when supported by the saucy look the 1925 "Satchmo," the latter histo of Jess Stacy with Benny Goodman given a new dimension in the sna shots showing him (only a little b fore) with George Wettling and Fra Teschemacker (the great Chica clarinetist unfortunately killed in auto crash when he was still kno only to musicians). Here is a vi of the past that carries a sound w every sight, a remembrance of so thing heard with everything seen. B by no means, only the past. The int ligently grouped chapters (chap headings and captions are all f rate) provide a suitable coverage such current personalities as M Roach, Milt Jackson, Oscar Peters *et al.*

If there is a quibble it is with choice of paper utilized by the p lisher, which diminishes the value virtually every reproduction. doubt it contributes to the non-p ful price of $5.95 for the 282-page ume, but it is conceivable that s would have paid a little more to much more. —I.

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# Fifty of the Best

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A highly selective alphabetical list of fifty-odd essential "modern" jazz LPs chosen either for heir validity as experiments, their all-round artistry, or the value of certain soloists involved. The time span covers approximately the last decade.*

**'COUNT BASIE DANCE SESSION #1"** (Clef). The Basie band, generous, loud, and unmistakable, as it stands today.

**'RUBY BRAFF AND ELLIS LARKINS"** (Vanguard). Two Lp's that spot some charming and even classic duets between trumpet and piano.

**'CLIFFORD BROWN AND ART FARMER AND HE SWEDISH ALL STARS"** (Prestige). Excellent, quiet small-band material made in weden that features exemplary trumpeting by he co-leaders.

**DAVE BRUBECK"** (Columbia). The "Jazz Goes College" album wherein Brubeck, Desmond, ates, and Dodge carry their loosely twined nprovisations to driving lengths.

**RALPH BURNS AND HIS ENSEMBLE, VOLS. and 2"** (Period). Burns, better known for is arranging-composing, in a piano recital ith rhythm that is as warmly attractive as ything of its kind set down in years.

**.ULLABIES IN RHYTHM"** (Victor). The unlfconscious, original Barbara Carroll, with ythm accompaniment.

**IUCK CLAYTON JAM SESSIONS, VOLS. 4"** (Columbia). Four great chunks of neo-sie-tinged-with-modern that spot consistly good solos by a wide variety of swingmen d modernists.

**AZZ COLLABORATIONS, VOL. 1."** (Debut). striking new trumpeter, Thad Jones, with it venerable modernist, Charlie Mingus, in ne tightly woven, but comprehensible incacies.

**IILES DAVIS SEXTET"** (Prestige). Great os, great feeling, great record. (On hand: cky Thompson, J. J. Johnson, Horace Silver, l Kenny Clarke.)

**HE STROLLING MR. ELDRIDGE"** (Clef). Acpanied by a fine rhythm section, a master his horn at his most thoughtful.

**ILES DAVIS"** (Capitol). Some of the now ious 1949 sides made with John Lewis, Gerry lligan, Max Roach *et al.* that paved the streets for the greater part of today's small-band jazz.

**"ERROL GARNER"** (Columbia). Six extended-time improvisations by the most palatably individualistic jazz pianist since Earl Hines.

**"STAN GETZ INTERPRETATIONS, VOL. 1 and 2"** (Norgran). Getz, with Bobby Brookmeyer, in some wonderfully warm interlinear ambles.

**"DIZZY GILLESPIE"** (Savoy). Titled "Groovin' High," these are from the mid-Forties, and are among the earliest and still the best examples of be-bop.

**"JIMMY GUIFFRE QUARTET"** (Capitol). A highly experimental record—largely successful—that uses bass and drums for coloring and melody instead of a steady beat. May well turn out to be extremely influential.

**"COLEMAN HAWKINS AND HIS ALL STARS"** (Jazztone). The everpresent Bean with a mixed group, including Billy Taylor, Eddie Bert, Emmet Berry and Jo Jones.

**"THE THREE HERDS"** (Columbia). A cross section of the Woody Herman band from its salad days of 1946 to a year or so ago.

**"WOODY HERMAN AND HIS WOODCHOPPERS"** (Columbia). Some fine examples of how small band jazz was shaping up in the late Forties.

**"MILT HINTON"** (Bethlehem). An irreproachable record with Hinton's magnificent bass, Toy Scott, Dick Katz, and Osie Johnson.

**"JAZZ CONCERT"** (Grand Award). Six of the twelve reissues here are probably the first bop records ever made. Gillespie, Pettiford, Roach, Clyde Hart, and Coleman Hawkins were on hand. The music is still fresh.

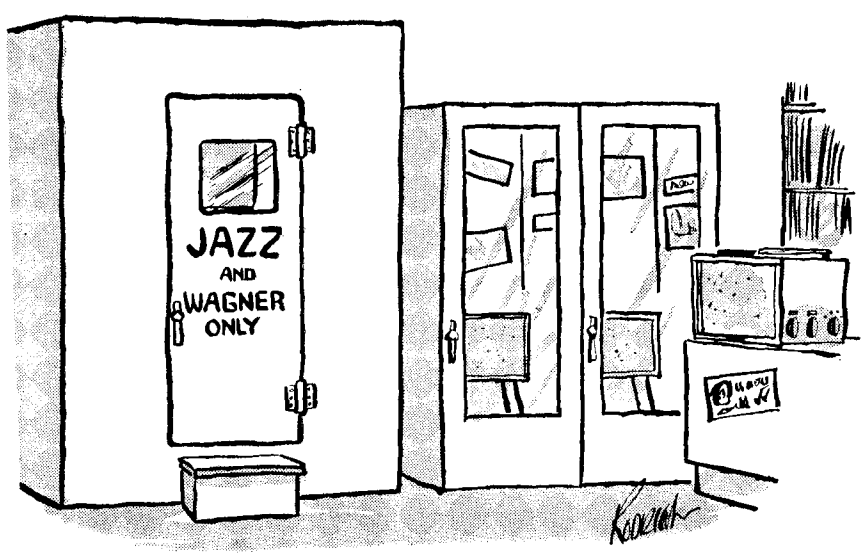
**"JO JONES SPECIAL"** (Vanguard). A tribute to the great drummer that includes superlative soloing from Lucky Thompson and Bennie Green.

**"K AND J.J."** (Bethlehem). Two of the finest modern trombonists at play with a rhythm section.

**"KANSAS CITY SEVEN"** (EmArcy). A badly put together reissue of four of the greatest small-band dates ever made, with Basie, Jo Jones, Lester Young, Dickie Wells, Buck Clayton, and Freddy Greene.

**"BARNEY KESSEL, VOLS. 1-2"** (Contemporary). The best all-round modern guitarist, abetted, variously, by tenor saxaphone, oboe, and flute, plus rhythm.

**"SHELLY MANNE, VOLS. 2-3"** (Contemporary). The first of these is experimental, using

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only brass and rhythm, and the second, also adventurous, is, simply, Manne, Guiffre, and Rogers doing such things as absolutely free improvisation and making it quite persuasive.

**"THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, VOLS. 1-3"** (Prestige). The best of all modern small groups. These are notable for their controlled experimentation, high-level improvisation, and overall coordination.

**"THELONIUS MONK PLAYS DUKE ELLINGTON"** (Riverside). How one of the founders—on his instrument and as a composer—of modern jazz handles the chords of another and older innovater.

**"JACK MONTROSE AND BOB GORDON"** Atlantic.) Another example of West Coast jazz, this being more outspoken, and in places, even funky.

**"GERRY MULLIGAN QUARTET"** (Pacific Jazz). A judicious sampling from the influential 1952-3 sides made with the leader's pianoless quartet.

**"NEW DIRECTIONS, VOLS. 1-4"** (Prestige). More experimentation, with such as Rogers, Teddy Charles, Manne, and Guiffre, in which, principally, extended forms are explored.

**"HERBIE NICHOLS, VOLS. 1-2"** (Blue Note). The Charles Ives of modern jazz piano, with excellent interplay from Art Blakey.

**"RED NORVO JAM SESSION"** (Dial). Four sides, perfectly jelled, made in the Forties with a mixed basket of such as C. Parker, D. Gillespie, T. Wilson, F. Phillips, and S. Powell.

**"RED NORVO TRIO"** (Discovery). A timeless trio, with Charlie Mingus and Tal Farlow.

**"CHARLIE PARKER MEMORIAL"** (Savoy). Three twelve inch records consisting of the superlative sides—many with their various takes included—Parker made with various groups for this label in the Forties.

**"THE AMAZING BUD POWELL"** (Blue Note). A sufficient example of the dry, brilliant angularity that has set the pace for most modern jazz pianists.

**"THE SWINGING MR. ROGERS"** (Atlantic). West Coast jazz at its subtlest, with Jimmy Guiffre's clarinet irresistible.

**"HOWARD RUMSEY'S LIGHTHOUSE ALL STARS, VOL. 4"** (Contemporary). Bob Cooper and Bud Shank of the West Coast in some delightful figurations with flute and oboe.

**"TONY SCOTT QUARTET"** (Brunswick). The ablest of contemporary clarinettists at his most relaxed and moving.

**"ART TATUM TRIO"** (Capitol). Tatum, not always a jazz pianist, in one of his cleanest recordings to date.

**"A TOUCH OF TAYLOR"** (Prestige). Billy Taylor, who has refined the heart of the jazz piano style Art Tatum began in the Thirties.

**"CLARK TERRY"** (EmArcy). A rough but extremely heady small-band date that is memorable for Terry's trumpet, the drums of Art Blakey, Jimmy Cleveland's soaring trombone, and Oscar Pettiford's bass.

**"LENNIE TRISTANO"** (Capitol). A late Forties display by one of the most accomplished modern jazz pianists around.

**"GEORGE WALLINGTON SHOWCASE"** (Blue Note). A neatly arranged (Quincy Jones) small-band date where everybody (including J. Cleveland, Kenny Clarke, O. Pettiford) blew perfectly.

**"MUSIC TO LOVE BY"** (Norgran). Ben Webster, with and without strings, playing a collection of slow ballads.

**"MARY LOU WILLIAMS"** (Jazztone). A superb display by a pianist, consistently underrated, who has been steadily ahead of her time for the past twenty years.

**"LESTER YOUNG"** (Clef). The President, with Buddy Rich and Nat Cole, in some straightforward but highly characteristic performances.

—W. B.

## THE FINE ARTS

# Baron Gro

ONE of the most courageous art exhibitions of the season is that of Antoine-Jean Gros' paintings and drawings, recently on display at the gallery of Jacques Seligmann and Co., in New York and presently to be seen at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and the Cleveland Museum of Art. I say "courageous" because it would be hard to think of an artist less fashionable at the moment than the Baron Gros, though his gifts were considerable, his influence profound, and his tenure secure in the art-historical sequence. We have not had a good look at Gros' work in this country since Knoedler showed him in 1938, when he was overshadowed by his more brilliant successors, Géricault and Delacroix. Yet he is a figure everyone interested in art history must keep very much in mind.

The life of Gros, a diminutive man plagued by nervous disorders that eventually prompted his suicide in a tributary of the Seine, was both colorful and tragic. Born in Paris in 1771, Gros was trained in the studio of Jacques Louis David, whose tyrannical demands that his pupil paint subjects from classical history and literature contributed greatly to Gros' last, desperate act of resignation. For Gros on leaving David's studio for Italy in 1793 saw and painted contemporary life at its most dazzling. He became the chronicler of Napoleon's person and exploits. In 1796 Josephine Bonaparte, Napoleon's sultry, Creole bride of a year, met Gros in Genoa. Charmed by the little man's effeminate and sensitive face, his tremulous mouth, and sad eyes, she carried him off to see the General at Milan. Her interest in using the young painter's talents to glorify her husband must have been extreme; at one point she is said to have held the squirming Napoleon on her lap so that Gros would have time to record a likeness. And gradually Bonaparte began to share her enthusiasm, as Gros painted one image of the Napoleonic campaigns after another, beginning with the General striding alone across Arcola's bridge. Gros brought to his documentary task a new opulence of color, derived in part from the Flemish and Dutch masters by whose works he had been surrounded in the home of his father, a painter-dealer with connections in Antwerp.

If Gros' life as an artist on Napole on's staff was exciting, it was n without its disappointments. Th gravest of these unquestionably w when Bonaparte left him behind embarking for Egypt, though t General took along what constitut a floating university of astronome poets, Orientalists, economists, math maticians, chemists, and painters. N one knows why Gros was not i cluded in this entourage of "donkey as the troops contemptuously referr to them, the word "eggheads" not y having entered the lexicons. But Gr disgruntlement is recorded in a let to his mother: "Why am I reduced weighing the success of others wit out being able at least to arouse so curiosity about my own compositio The others would have painted anci Alexandria; I, the new—Mameluk Oriental costumes, Arabian hors

In all probability Egypt would h inspired Gros as deeply as Algi inspired Delacroix thirty-odd ye later and French Romantic paint would have been that much ric Indeed, it could be argued that G omission from Napoleon's list of "d keys" was a central tragedy of career, though he was presently create from imagination such c brated images as "The Battle of N reth," "Bonaparte Visiting the P Ridden of Jaffa," "The Battle Aboukir," "Bonaparte's Harangue fore the Battle of the Pyramids" which Gros' own lateral panels included in the Seligmann s whereas those at Versailles are weak disciple named Debay), and fantastic "Napoleon on the Fiel Battle at Eylau," wherein Bona surveys the snow-covered car like a bemused evangelist.

THE fame of these Napol battle-pieces has tended to ob the "Gothick" pictures complete Gros before and after he came Josephine's and Bonaparte's spel it is impossible to understand either Gros' temperament or ach ment without considering his in in themes from the lugubrious l ture preferred by the Roman Dante, the darker aspects of S speare, Ossian and the *romans* continually pouring out of En Germany and, by that time, F At Florence in the mid-1790s met the Italian poet Vittorio

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and his wife, the Countess of Albany. Through them he absorbed an enthusiasm for tales of mystery and horror, and soon after their meeting began work on a picture entitled "Young with the Corpse of his Daughter-in-Law," inspired by the English writer's necrophilic "Night Thoughts." A little later Gros made sketches for an uncompleted composition based on "The Songs of Ossian." Later still he painted two thoroughly romantic pictures of Sappho throwing herself from the Leucadian rock, and is said to have held a white handkerchief aloft in the Mediterranean wind and moonlight to assure accuracy in depicting Sappho's robes.

It was Napoleon's prowess as a soldier, of course, which diverted Gros from such macabre themes. But there is reason to suspect that the painter continued to be haunted by "Gothick" tales and that this predilection made it more difficult for him to continue in David's classical tradition. At any rate, when he returned to Paris in the fall of 1800, perhaps more than a little relieved to be free of Napoleon's teasing and practical jokes (Bonaparte was not one to understand the delicate web of neurosism imprisoning Gros' mind, and often hurt and offended the artist), Gros was plunged into one of the periodic fits of melancholy to which he was subject throughout his life. He had been considered the most promising of David's pupils, and he had come home to find that younger artists, far less talented than he, had succeeded in producing many much-discussed pictures, while he had been prevented from working steadily by his duties as a member of Napoleon's fine-arts commission, appointed to choose and transport the loot from Italy's art museums. Back in Paris, day after day Gros would wallowed dejectedly on the cushions of his mother's living room, believing himself finished as a painter.

He was rescued from this premature decline by Girodet and other painter-friends, who found him a studio in the former convent of the Capuchins, where Ingres among others was working. Hating solitude, Gros filled his studio with friends, and completed the portrait of Christine Boyer (see illustration) for which an oil study is included in the present show. Christine Boyer, wife of Lucien Bonaparte, had died the previous year, and it is an interesting fact that the artist, famous as a painter of soldier-heroes in the full vigor of their military life, should also have been esteemed for commemorative portraits of the dead and departed. Here again the dichotomy of Gros' temperament is revealed. As a portrait painter he sometimes reflected the almost professional melancholy of early Romanticism during the very years when his own battle-pieces were contributing to a new esthetic based on the heroism of living action.

In Gros' portrait, Christine Boyer is presented as an idealized wife of a changing epoch a woman who has awaited the return of her husband in the willowed labyrinths of a park, who has dreamed, read endlessly, watched a rose drift by at her feet—and languished. Her image makes clear that she was incapable of any such feminist ambition as prompted David's wife to stride into the National Convention and offer her jewels for the cause of Liberty. Christine Boyer is not the woman of the Rococo, ruling destinies from a curtained bed, and she is not the Bohemian tomboy of later Romanticism, typified by George Sand. She is the wife of pre-Romanticism, quiescent, acquiescent, born for early death.

Considering the range of approach exemplified by the Boyer portrait and the famous picture of Napoleon touching the plague-stricken at Jaffa (see illustration), it is not surprising that Gros eventually came unglued and wandered to his death in the Seine. One wonders, however, whether he might not have been able to resolve his imaginative conflicts if David had let him alone, instead of urging a return to the classicism of subject and style which it was Gros' troubled destiny to disrupt.

—James Thrall Soby.

"Christine Boyer," by Gros—"no Bohemian tomboy."

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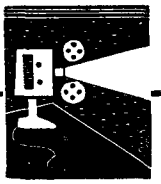

## IDEAS ON FILM

# Your Health!

WHATEVER else the "idea" film has done, it has consistently campaigned for better, healthier living for all. In the beginning, which is only a brief twenty years ago, it aimed at revealing and bettering the lot of the acutely underprivileged. But with the ever-rising tide of prosperity in this past decade, the trend is toward discovering and alleviating the more commonplace ailments of a predominately prosperous people. Thus the recent health and welfare films are mostly about the middle-class: good neighborhoods that can deteriorate into slums, pampered sons who can become police cases, aged in-laws who can practically wreck a household, a businessman's fear of heart disease, a young woman's neurotic loneliness. Some of these films are reviewed below; others will be included in next month's column.

Style, as well as subject, is undergoing changes in these films. Before the war, the social documentary film stated its problems in general terms: its people were mere samples of humanity, victimized by a selfish or ignorant society-at-large; there was little awareness of the specific individual. After the war, the story-documentary made nearly all problem situations seem purely personal; solutions were within the grasp of the individual; there was little or no concern with society in the abstract. Today's films show an awareness that health and well-being require the effort and understanding of both the individual and the community. The picture they give is bright enough to give us a glimpse of how much farther we must go if we are to achieve the fullest potentials in human strengths and dignities.

**MAN OF ACTION** (13 min., color animation). Houses do not take care of themselves. Our cartoon hero discovers this as he watches an agent of the Devil checking in his little book the items which one by one will turn a good neighborhood into a disease-ridden slum. Made for the American Council to Improve our Neighborhoods and sponsored by the Continental Can Company, the film is designed to show how one ordinary citizen wakes up to the fact that slums are made by people very much like himself. On a one-man crusade, he attracts public attention with a prediction that a huge chimney is going to fall at such-and-such a time. It does. Things begin looking better in his town after that, and the Devil finally decides to move on to a more likely place. He may be on his way to your community, the film says. But organized groups can run him out of town, in fact right out of the country.

The man of action in this film, unlike the so-called "average man" so often found in business-sponsored cartoons, is neither a selfish beast nor a blooming idiot. He can think, if his attention is drawn in the right direction. He has feelings, once he sees realities in human terms. And if things are too much out of hand, he can act in a way that is compatible with what he thinks and feels. Of course the gimmick about the Devil and his little black book is pure fol-de-rol, but it has its appeal among some audiences. "Man of Action" is all in all a worthy introduction to ACTION's program of "better living in homes and neighborhoods for ALL Americans." We could now use half-a-dozen harder-hitting films about the more specific ways in which this program can be, or already has been, put into action locally.

The film, produced by Transfilm, is distributed free of charge to community groups and TV stations by Association Films, Broad at Elm Sts., Ridgefield, N.J.

**THREE STEPS TO START** (26 min.) The job of communicating the significance and processes of so general and vague a concept as "community action" in so specific and direct a medium as the motion picture is a difficult one, bordering on the impossible. In this Julien Bryan production, writer-director Francis Thompson has gotten the basic ideas across in a compact, believable story. It begins with a housewife's concern with the reckless driving of local teen-agers and ends as people from all over town come together in a meeting at the school auditorium to discuss what they can do about such problems. In between, the leading character discovers that in thinking about community problems many of her friends—and she herself—tend to exclude groups which for one or another reason are not considered good enough. When she discovers that her own son is spending his spare time at a youth center on the other side of the tracks, she realizes that she has something to learn from those she planned to exclude. Other developments in the story help make the characters and actions quite believable.

In the course of telling its story, the film shows how a community project develops, from the informal talk among family and friends to the contacting of others in the area, investigation of related problems, research gathering, opinion polling, doorbell ringing, and the like. It is particularly good at illustrating how an alert, intelligent, energetic person can become a true leader in the community.

The ideas in "Three Steps to Start" grew out of a series of transcribed radio programs entitled "The People Act." The film was produced under a grant from the Fund for Adult Education, and is by far their most convincing film production to date. It should be especially provocative to men's and women's clubs. Available for purchase from McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N.Y.; for rental from many leading educational film libraries.

**HARD BROUGHT UP** (40 min.) This story of incipient juvenile delinquency in a small southern city begins as two boys meet and in short order are taken before the police on charges of breaking into a gasoline station. Through the interviews with a child welfare worker, we learn that one boy, Jimmy, is the pampered son of a sullen middle-class family; the other, Walter, is the neglected son of an irresponsible father and a hospitalized mother, brought up by his grandmother who works nights in a nearby cafe. Through the excellent child welfare services of the state, both boys get real help. Jimmy becomes more self-reliant as his parents become aware of the excessive pressures they have put upon him. Walter, sensitively portrayed by ten-year-old Lavon Fields, is placed with a foster mother who knows that when he is most destructive and angry he is most in need of love.

The film's weaknesses are all too evident—particularly the slow development of most of the story and the inadequate delivery of many important lines spoken by the adult characters. The southern accents are at times obtrusive. But the film's good points are hard to beat—rich pictorial images, real-looking people in real-looking settings, an effective use of silence (particularly in the opening scenes and in the intense sequence of Walter at home alone). More than that, the film has a point of view that is both warm and intelligent. "Hard Brought Up" was produced, written, and directed by Nicholas C. Read of Potomac Film Producers in Washington D.C. It was sponsored by the Mississippi State Department of Welfare in cooperation with the federal Children's Bureau. Available for purchase from Mental Health Materials Center, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.; for rental from many leading educational film libraries.

**A PLACE TO LIVE** (27 min.) This film has quite a lot to say about one of the basic problems of old age: the need for first-rate homes where older people can live together without unduly burdening others and themselves. Its dramatic story about a distraught wife, her ailing father, her unsympathetic husband, and her rambunctious son personalizes some of the problems fortunately it does not offer any solution to their particular situation. Scenes of everyday life in a wonderfully-managed home for the aged open the door for thought, discussion, and one hopes for many more such films on the practical problems of growing old in a country which at present caters almost exclusively to youth.

What is particularly pleasing about "A Place to Live" is that it is a film, not an illustrated lecture. The ideas are compactly presented in motion picture terms. The narration sensitively states what words alone can reveal, but leaves to the camera the job of showing what the eye can see. By its intelligent blending of enacted dramatic episodes and real documentary sequences, the film tacitly indicates both the emotional plight of the individual and the social obligations of the community. To make the film served to indicate the need for *immediate* planning and action on the part of community, family, and each one of us, if old age is to be a blessing rather than a curse.

"A Place to Live" was directed by Lee Bolker, written by Ralph Schoolman, and produced by Dynamic Films with the cooperation of the National Social Welfare Assembly. Prints are available for purchase from Dynamic Films, 112 W. 89th St., New York 24, N.Y.; for rental from many leading educational film libraries.

**PAUL TOMKOWICZ** (10 min.) This is little more than a character sketch of a 64-year-old Polish-born night-worker on the Winnipeg streetcar tracks, but in its few minutes it says more about old age and social security than half a dozen "message" films put together. As he sweeps the track switches free of snow and ice, with the city growing dark as he works, Paul Tomkowicz thinks the thoughts that a man might think. There is the work before him, the cold of the night, recollections of childhood in Europe, his coming to Canada and the future—maybe buy a motor bike and travel, maybe stay home and read the Bible. It has been a good life. As daylight begins, the aging man finishes his work. People line up waiting for the morning streetcars as he goes down to an enormous breakfast. In this brief encounter with Paul Tomkowicz, the dignity of work and freedom has been fully revealed.

The film is the work of Roman Kroitor, and can be classified only as an inspiration. The leading man is excellent and the photography utterly fresh; the narration, in words and verse, is superb, as is the use of sound effects; only an indistinct soundtrack on the 16mm print mars what might otherwise be a perfect example of a film. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and distributed for rental and purchase by its New York office at 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

**IT DIDN'T HAVE TO HAPPEN** (13 min.) With the impact of a murder story, this is a to-the-as-nails illustration of the dangers of being careless with factory machines. The central character is a guy called "Lucky," who ends up with a plank imbedded in his stomach. There is a happier ending, but all in all the film is bloody enough to be frighteningly unforgettable. Produced by Crawley Films for the Industrial Accident Prevention Associations of Ontario; available for purchase from International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois, and for rental from many leading educational film libraries.

**YOUR CHILDREN WALKING** (20 min.) As true of the others in the British film series about "Your Children," this is a teaching film you can learn from and enjoy. In its casual matter-of-fact way, it tells all you need to know about the importance and care of healthy feet, particularly for the growing child. You learn, for example, that the average housewife walks eight miles a day, that foot care begins long before the baby starts walking, that children's foot ailments require the attention of a doctor, and how to tell a good shoe from a bad one. A most delightful finale wraps it all up and sends you home with a glad-to-be-healthy feeling. Produced by Realist Film Unit; distributed for purchase only by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N.Y.; for rental from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, and many leading educational film libraries.

—CECILE S.

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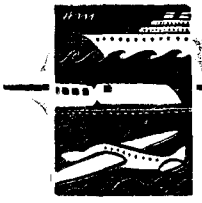

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

## From Catfish Row to the Kremlin

LENINGRAD (BY CABLE).

SOME eighty emissaries from the highly flavored precincts of Catfish Row have been meeting with the Russians here in the Soviet Union these wintry weeks and the spirit of the greeting they have received lies somewhere between Geneva and adoration.

It started the morning the train carrying the American company of "Porgy and Bess" arrived in Leningrad from Berlin for a four-week engagement in Russia. Long lines of black-cloaked figures materialized out of the snowy streets. From a dozen directions they converged on the station on the dead run. By the time the cast was ready to detrain there was only a narrow aisle through the mob and the players ran the gauntlet, pummeled with flowers and applause all the way. Thousands milling in front of the depot stalled the company's buses, and traffic finally had to be rerouted.

Each evening police are on hand to hold back the curious who stand in the snow for a fleeting look or a passing word when the cast leaves the hotel for the theatre. When the company visited a ballet they were mobbed. Three actors ambled into a bustling Leningrad department store and business came to an abrupt standstill. Two or three "Porgy" people who pause on a street corner will collect a crowd of fifty Russians in seconds, hemming them in so tightly, said one actor, he couldn't get his cigarette up to his mouth.

When a group of fourteen from the company went to the Baptist Church on Christmas the minister asked for a word from the visitors. One American said a few words about being away from home on Christmas but his throat welled up so he started to sing. The rest of the American voices rose in behind him. The congregation couldn't applaud in church so they waved their handkerchiefs, then they tossed in them, and finally for want of another gesture they threw them, sodden as they were, towards the emissaries from Catfish Row.

There is a nightclub in the Astoria Hotel in Leningrad. It is a somber place where between danceless serenades from an orchestra Russians sit at tables and stare at each other. After the show one night a few of the boys ordered in carrying a bongo drum and a trumpet. It ended in a riotous jam session during which the Russians joined in a rendition of "White Christmas" and drummer Jerry Laws led the comrades around the floor singing "When the Saints Come Marching Home." When he sat down they smothered him with kisses and the next night the place was packed. Unfortunately, the company had been invited elsewhere and the guests were shortly back staring at each other. Moses Lamarr, an athletically inclined member of the cast who was once a boxer, liked to work out in the park across from the Leningrad Hotel. The kids flocked to see. At nine each morning they would be waiting for him and the Negro from New York would start his snowy runs with a pint-sized Russian skier holding onto each arm. Politically, too, "Porgy" is a silent secret weapon. The sight of Negro performers and their white executive staff working and eating side by side has caused Russians to stop and ask for an explanation. Says Joseph Crawford, the show's choir director, "The idea that we are here and acting reasonably intelligent is propaganda to begin with. The show we portray onstage is not particularly flattering to colored people, but the fact that we ourselves portray it and our Government permits it ought to tell them something."

The first time the company visited the ballet the Russian ballerinas made the American girls open their coats. They saw a modest display of silks, furs, and jewelry, enough to make them gasp, worn by US Negroes, a group which has often drawn Soviet sympathy. And when our first cultural export to Russia turns out to be a Negro company and the American Ambassador comes down from Moscow for the opening the whole idea of the downtrodden plight of the American Negro is suddenly wiped out.

But before the "Porgy" group could be a true political or social success it had to be a theatrical success. Each night the theatre fills with a strange audience of sailors, scientists in black skullcaps, black-booted Red Army officers with rows of decorations, and women in their dowdy dresses sometimes decorated with a modest silver fox. Backstage on a rehearsal piano the Americans are playing "Baby, Knock Me a Kiss." Out front the Russians are poring over the libretto, munching green apples, sipping tea out of a glass while the lunch-counter cashier totes up prices on an abacus. Then the show is on, and the audience sits forward almost on the literal edge of its seats. Three hours later the entire assemblage is on its feet, faces bathed in smiles, hands beating out applause for curtain calls that run ten minutes every night.

If the art form is new and perplexing to Russians the theme is clear. As Porgy hitched up his goat at a performance the other night and took off for New York in search of Bess, tears streamed down the gray face of a cleaning woman who stood in the wings. Says Robert Breen, the show's producer and director, "It's the overall impact, simple, emotional, and dynamic, in which symbols are recognizable." Many Americans thought the "Porgy" overtones too sordid, doubted the advisability of sending a Negro troupe as our first offering. One well-known American journalist was telling me rather heatedly before I left for Russia that we should send something like "Oklahoma!" Something out of the uncontroversial Midwest that didn't deal with a minority. However, when Germany saw "Oklahoma!" they called it " 'White Horse Inn' in cowboy clothes." An East Berlin critic wrote that "Oklahoma!" shows how decadent the American theatre is. While the State Department had expected "Oklahoma!" to run a year, foreign audiences couldn't follow it and it closed in seven weeks.

THE State Department which had sponsored Breen's "Porgy" group in the Middle East and Latin America was so unsure about the Russian reaction they labeled the project politically premature, pleaded that they had already spent too much on the Gershwin folk opera. Breen's Everyman Opera Company went to Russia

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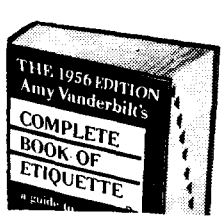

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on its own. They are losing $4,500 a week in Russia, a loss they hope to recoup with donations. The Russians themselves who are providing room, four meals a day, laundry, pressing, haircuts, sightseeing, and tickets to two dozen operas and ballets to each company member at fifty dollars a week, will stand a 600,000-ruble loss on the project.

Why was "Porgy" invited to Russia? Some American observers think the present regime realizes artistic isolation means a kind of staleness. Each Soviet policy speech stresses cultural exchange, and the transmigration of Catfish Row to the shadow of the Kremlin is making a practice of what the Kremlin has been preaching. "Friends?" ask the crowds that ring the actors from America wherever they go here. "Friends?" It is a hopeful appeal. In a broadcasting studio the other night a Moscow announcer was regretting the decline of the Geneva spirit. Then he brightened. "Maybe now we will have a 'Porgy and Bess' spirit," he said.

—HORACE SUTTON.

## The Russian Critic

THE performance of "Porgy and Bess" gives rise to several extraordinary impressions. It doesn't contain any typical scenes usually found within the framework of the opera or the operetta. It is at one and the same time opera, ballet, and pantomime, where the meaning of the action and the psychology of the characters is gotten across by means of the orchestra, the singing, and the choreography. The music, the voice, and the dance mutually complement each other. Such playing demands of the performers unique talents and great mastery. The actors must encompass, with all-round dexterity, being singers, dancers, and dramatic artists. Naturally not all the performers can control their voices and their movements to the same degree. The excellent dancer Joseph Attles (Sporting Life), does not possess a strong enough or sufficiently well-trained voice. And the performers of the roles of Serena Robbins and Maria are better singers than they are dancers. A more or less harmonic knitting of these two qualities we find indeed only in Leslie Scott (Porgy) and Martha Flowers (Bess). That doesn't mean, however, that good dancers are necessarily good singers and *vice versa*. We are speaking only of the relative qualities.

Gershwin called "Porgy and Bess" a folk opera. Not only that the work portrays the life of simple people. In his music the composer draws heavily from the ethnic genius of the Negro people. It is very possible that th original combination of melody an movement in Negro art (ragtime blues) gave Gershwin the idea to cre ate a synthetic genre where move ment, music, and singing would b fused organically into one.

In the music of "Porgy and Bess the native Negro melodies an rhythms come to life and follow eac other easily. They form the best pos sible basis for the musical connectic between the various scenes of the pe formances. In this regard we mu mention the burial song of Sere Robbins (performed to the accon paniment of the chorus and orche tra), the aria of "Porgy" in the seco act, the scene of the storm, and sor others. The choral direction deserv a special attention from the point view of the overall performance. T Everyman Opera Company could ju as well be called Everyman Ball The Negroes showed themselves be excellent dancers, extraordinar supple, plastic, and indefatigab Their dance technique is doubtless a very high level. It is only the f that that which they dance has no ing in common with the classic ba or with the character dances we used to, that in the first moment spectator is disconcerted by a feel of bewilderment (the more so beca the first scene opens with a v primitive "Boogie-Woogie"). Wo through the entire production i virtuoso pantomimic direction ba on elements of the national Ne dance.

The astounding erotic coloring some of the dancing scenes is unpl ant. And it is hard to lay the blam a specific national dance. It is n the taste of the director and perl his kind of "tradition" stemming f Broadway "burlesques" and "revu On the whole "Porgy and Bess" sents one of the most interes events of this theatrical season. an excellently performed produc colorful, full of movement and m It testifies to the high talent of Negro people. (Almost all of the formers participating are Negr Very possibly not all of the music the staging will be approved by Soviet audiences and everything not necessarily be understandab them. We are not used to the nat istic details in the dance, to the e sive jazz sound of the symphon chestra, etc. Nevertheless the formance broadens our concept c art of contemporary America, an miliarizes us with thus far unk facets of the musical and theatric of the United States.

—U. KOVALYER, *instructor American Literature, c on the* Leningrad Sm

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FICTION

MacLean—"what it was like."

Orwell—"esthetic and substantial pain."

Solon—"brings back Rome."

# ɔeyond Self-Sacrifice

***I. M. S. Ulysses," by Alistair Mac-ɜan** (Doubleday. 316 pp. $3.95), is ɔ story of what happened when the ɜw of a British light cruiser that had ɔtinied during wartime in frigid ɔctic waters was ordered back into ɹgerous convoy service.*

Thomas E. Cooney

HE central fact of naval war in the Arctic is that salt water can get ɹy degrees colder than 32 Fahren- and still remain liquid. Ships can through this cold brine, but the ɹy they throw up into the still er air will freeze on decks and ɛrstructure, making the ships dan- ɹusly topheavy, locking down guns depth charges, and sending sailors ding over the side to the instant r of death by freezing. If you add hese hardships the necessity of ing through five all but sleepless and nights of incessant attack ubmarines, bombing planes, and y cruisers, you may have some of what the Murmansk convoys ɔrthern Russia were like in the days of World War II.

u will also have some idea of contrary to the proud tradition e Royal Navy, the crew of the cruiser *H.M.S. Ulysses* mutinied apa Flow when they heard that one hundred straight days of hey were again ordered out on ɹrmansk convoy. Alistair Mac- s powerful novel of war in the ern seas opens with a conference ich the mutiny of the *Ulysses* is with in the only way that high ry command has ever dealt with things: orders to get back into the line or be court-martialed. Of course the *Ulysses* sails, but with morale teetering on the thin edge of a disaster that could destroy the millions of dollars worth of tanks, ammunition, and gasoline that the convoy was carrying to Russia.

Mr. MacLean then proceeds, sympathetically but thoroughly, to examine what can happen to a group of men who are pushed far beyond what they had considered their breaking points. It would be presumptuous for a reviewer to try to convey any notion of what Mr. MacLean does so superbly in his terrible, crushing accumulation of detail about the cold, the constant scurrying to and from battle stations, and the battle action that reduces the *Ulysses* toward the end of the convoy to little more than a twisted contraption of still powerful engines and barely floating hull. But one can say that he demonstrates satisfactorily the way in which the selfless devotion of Captain Vallery, dying on his feet of a lung condition, pulls the exhausted crew into a state of numb efficiency that is beyond the exaltation of self-sacrifice. And the Captain is surrounded by well-drawn individuals who merge gradually into one's conception of a unified ship's company: the Admiral who loses his mind after a series of disastrous but perfectly reasonable tactical decisions; Stoker Reilly, the mutineer who redeems himself in action; Leading Torpedo Operator Ralston, who loses his father and brother in the same convoy, and Surgeon-Commander Brooks, who knows that what the men all around him are doing is impossible according to medical science.

But beyond characters and events rises Mr. MacLean's true achievement —that of setting down in print the image of war, so that any reader, regardless of his experience, can say, *This is what it was like.*

# A Film of Money

***"Keep the Aspidistra Flying," by George Orwell** (Harcourt, Brace. 248 pp. $3.75), is the first American publication of a satire on the worship and pursuit of money by the author of "Animal Farm" and "1984."*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

IT IS good that an American publisher has finally brought out George Orwell's "Keep the Aspidistra Flying," a good-and-bad book that is superior to most of the novels published this or any other season. It distorts, inclines to morbidity (like the unpleasant good books of Swift and Gissing), is not a good novel if a good novel should have characters who feel, think, and act representatively against an accurately implied background. It is one of those good, bitter books like Celine's "Journey to the End of Night," and Malaquais's "Men From Nowhere." Reading it is like taking bitter, therapeutic medicine.

No, it's better than that. Anyone with normal nastiness will like the effective exaggeration one gets in the first chapter about bookstore customers, with tastes ranging from Dell to Walpole ("So big, so broad, so human") to "poetwy" to something pleasantly filthy.

In Gordon Comstock's love affair with Rosemary a "film of money" (its lack, to be precise) excludes ecstasy. When we first meet the literally and metaphorically poor Gordon in the bookstore, he's trying to write a poem. But, his "mind sticky with boredom," can't "cope with rhymes and adjectives. You can't with only two pence

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half-penny in your pocket." Orwell's style is so excellent that those who worship money and the respectability that the aspidistra, the "flower of England," symbolize, are castigated out of existence—or so one thinks as he reads. Granted Orwell's novel isn't as good a book about poverty as E. M. Forster's "Howard's End," where Leonard Bast is Gordon Comstock with two dimensions added, it's very good reading nevertheless.

As I started out by saying, it's good "Keep the Aspidistra Flying" is available (and why not "The Clergyman's Daughter" as well?). Almost everything Orwell has written stimulates the mind if not the emotions; he makes one think if only to disagree. He's not a "cheery" writer nor are ours cheerful times. When the wit in his anger deserts him he succumbs to a self-hatred he (illegitimately) universalizes. Then he becomes diffuse and tedious (as he often is in all his books except "Down and Out in Paris and London" and "Animal Farm"). But even the least of his are brilliant intermittently. "Keep the Aspidistra Flying" mixes esthetic and substantial pain with pleasure. Still, there's no doubt in my mind that the pleasure only an extraordinary mind can bring predominates in this scathing exaggeration of the way we all tend to worship money so that we can keep our aspidistras flying.

# When the Germans Rode

***"The Three Legions," by Gregory Solon*** *(Random House. 304 pp. $3.75), is a story of fifteen days in the summer of the first century during which Teutonic legions defeated the forces of Rome and so shaped history.*

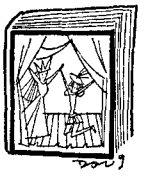
By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

BY THE twenty-sixth of August of the year A.D. 9—the aging Augustus being still emperor—the flood tide of Roman power had reached the high watermark of its wide sweep. It had long inundated western Europe and now thrust out its forward tentacles to the bank of the distant Weser. Soon it would pour into those central plains today called Germany. But fifteen days later it was in full ebb.

In a terrible battle which reached its culmination on September 10, Arminius, the golden chieftain of the Teutonic Cherusci, had set upon three of Rome's most famous legions in the tangled dampness of the Teutoburger Wald and utterly destroyed them. Trained by the very people he was to defeat (does not civilization always train its conquerors?), he annihilated all but a handful of thirty thousand disciplined men. It was a day of disaster, but it was also a day of destiny, for as much as Salamis, as much as Tours where Charles Martel drove the Moslems from France, it set the course of history. Because her ordered cohorts fractioned into disorderly components in the wilderness, Rome could not ever meet China on the steppes of Asia. Because the Germans won, the Rhine became a barricade behind which they could gather strength until they were ready to overrun the Latin provinces and from them build the modern world.

These fifteen days are, therefore worthy to be written about by anyone who would try to reconstruct the past and the marvel is not that Gregor Solon has chosen them for "The Three Legions," his first novel, but that in this age of historical fiction no one has turned to them before. For they provide all the elements that are needed for a great story. Although we know the end—but this merely adds a sense of impending doom to the other ingredients—they have suspense, the clash of heroes, and the arbitrament battle which is, incidentally, described as only a man who has taken part in battle could describe it. There is also ample opportunity for the testing and analysis of character.

In "The Three Legions" Mr. Solon makes ample use of all of this, writing one of the strongest and most unforgettable, if one of the toughest, historical novels of the past few years. He is not without faults. In an effort to be convincing, he overdoes the modern and makes his Roman legionaries think and talk a little too much like American G.I.'s. Nor does he have Henry Treece's eery ability to see into the primitive mind. Here with the exception of Marabodus, King of the Marcomanni, his barbarians (Arminius, the girl Thessia) are the least real of his characters. But when it comes to his Romans, it is another matter. In the disciplined and austere Cinna; in the self-pampered and bewildered proconsul Varus; in the conflated intriguer and coward Agrarius; in the brave, tough, brutal centurion Talt; he brings back Rome to us. The men who made and unmade Rome there was nothing else—and there was plenty—these alone would make an outstanding book.



# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BOOK INTO PLAY

Almost ever since there have been books, people have been turning them into plays. Lucy Black Johnson of Riverside, Connecticut, submits a list of twenty plays old and new and, scrambled alongside, a list of twenty book or story titles. Kindly check the derivative books or stories against the derived plays. No more than twelve correct answers is a dark house, from thirteen through seventeen a moderate success, and above that SRO. Curtain rises on page 44.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. "As You Like It" | ( ) | "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" |
| 2. "Becky Sharp" | ( ) | "And Then There were None" |
| 3. "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" | ( ) | "Anna and the King of Siam" |
| 4. "The Climate of Eden" | ( ) | "The Changing American Market" |
| 5. "Damn Yankees" | ( ) | "Cry, the Beloved Country" |
| 6. "The Green Pastures" | ( ) | "Feathertop" |
| 7. "The Golden Apple" | ( ) | "Goodbye to Berlin" |
| 8. "The Heiress" | ( ) | "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey" |
| 9. "I Am a Camera" | ( ) | "My Sister Eileen" |
| 10. "The Innocents" | ( ) | "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun" |
| 11. "The King and I" | ( ) | "The Princess" |
| 12. "The King and the Duke" | ( ) | "Miss Thompson" |
| 13. "Lost in the Stars" | ( ) | "Rosalynde, Euphes' Golden Legacie" |
| 14. "The Pajama Game" | ( ) | "7½ Cents" |
| 15. "Phoenix '55" | ( ) | "Shadows Move Among Them" |
| 16. "Princess Ida" | ( ) | "Three Players of a Summer Game" |
| 17. "Rain" | ( ) | "The Turn of the Screw" |
| 18. "The Scarecrow" | ( ) | "Vanity Fair" |
| 19. "Ten Little Indians" | ( ) | "Washington Square" |
| 20. "Wonderful Town" | ( ) | "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant" |

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# Five vs. a Town

***"Tender Victory," by Taylor Caldwell** (McGraw-Hill. 422 pp. $3.95), is the story of a clergyman who undertakes to put religious precepts of tolerance into practice in a decaying Pennsylvania mining town.*

By Harrison Smith

MOST of the fifteen novels of Taylor Caldwell have been about American society and industrial life in Pennsylvania during the last decades of the nineteenth century. She has dramatized through three generations a dynasty of munition-makers of fabulous wealth, the rise of a German immigrant to wealth and power in Pennsylvania steel mills, a family of railroad builders. A Scotchwoman by birth, Miss Caldwell has strong and often violent opinions and theories about the self-made American tycoons of the past, immigration, labor unions, socialism, and religion. She is often strident and rhetorical, but there can be no question of the emotional impact of her work on her readers, though many of her subjects have been monsters of selfishness and greed.

In her newest book, "Tender Victory," Miss Caldwell has had the temerity to write a novel that runs counter to the trend of popular fiction of today. Her principal character is a young minister, Johnny Fletcher, who had been a devout and courageous chaplain in the U.S. Army in Europe. When he returned home, he brought with him three young orphan children he had rescued from the most evil of German concentration camps. They were more like wild and terrified animals or savages than children, for they had watched while their mothers or fathers had been starved, tortured, or killed. Johnny was naive enough to believe that his community would welcome them. He had not reckoned with Barryfield, controlling Pennsylvania coal and industrial town to which he was sent. The land under the town was honeycombed with tunnels and covered with clouds of smoke and poisonous vapors. Although most of its people were property-stricken, a prosperous minority lived in luxury in the surrounding hills. In his first meeting of the church committee Johnny encountered hostility, which mounted to rage, when he told them that he would send two of the children to the Jewish synagogue and the Catholic church. Johnny was not a fundamentalist, but he preached an uncompromising faith. Inevitably he was marked as a trouble-maker and a dangerous radical.

The efforts of evil and powerful people to destroy his ministry and kill him if necessary are the burden of Miss Caldwell's story. Happily a sardonic but conscientious surgeon and a friendly and admiring priest and rabbi come to Johnny's assistance. The novel demands a fitting climax, and Taylor Caldwell provides it with a mine disaster under the city in which Johnny heroically rescues the last of the survivors. Her characters are sound, her story sentimental but convincing, and her theme inspiring, if the reader is willing to believe that faith can still move mountains. It is without doubt assured of a wide audience, though it might have been better if her dramatic and emotional plot had been set a half century ago when her industrial dynasties ruled their vast domains.

# Notes

**WAR'S TORTURE CHAMBER:** Though billed as a "novel of the medical corps in World War II," as if to set it apart from the war books that have come before it, William Hoffman's **"The Trumpet Unblown"** (Doubleday, $3.95) follows the conventions with which we have by now become familiar, and makes no unique impact. It is capably written and it has powerful feeling behind it, but, though better than some of its predecessors, it is certainly inferior to "From Here to Eternity," which it most closely resembles in regard to narrative incident and characterization, and to Vance Bourjaily's "The End of My Life," which it resembles thematically.

Its aim is to show the process by which the human spirit may be reduced to absolute degradation in war's torture chamber. It does succeed in making us believe in the utter psychic estrangement that can exist between a veteran (victim might be the better word) of this savagery and the society of the workaday world to which he returns, but it is not an analytic novel, and it does not succeed, with all the force of its violent incident, in showing the process by which the degradation and estrangement of its hero occurred. —JEROME STONE.

**NICE HOME TOWN:** In **"Glenport, Illinois"** (Macmillan, $4.50) Paul Darcy Boles determinedly eschews the nowadays customary fictional paraphernalia of free-floating neuroticism, and tries to tell the story of some good, wholesome neighbors happily living together in the decent kind of town that might have been nice to grow up in. I suspect he has gone to some pains to describe everyday family life in language which adds a little luster to it. But his adamant refusal to see, hear, or speak evil is like a man trying to deny his shadow, and results in a falsification of the human condition which deprives it of much of its grandeur. Ultimately, this story of people watering their lawns and cooperating with each other spins out into a thin, sentimental tale, whose chief characters, reduced to a common denominator of fuzzy good-will, are as alike as a litter of kittens snuggled together on the hearthstone, despite the fact that their physical movements are described in such a profusion of tender, nostalgic detail that it becomes pretty wearing after the first 200 pages. —J. S.

**THE JUKE RACKET:** An idea of the vernacular in which **"Do Re Mi"** (Little, Brown, $3), Garson Kanin's novelette about a Broadway juke box racket, is written can be obtained from its first few sentences: "I am sitting here in the sneezer. Taking the fall for Fatso. Again. They got a television now, only the food was better last time. May be changed cooks. I hope I don't catch stomach trouble is all I hope." This sort of thing carried on for a lengthy stretch might well prove tiresome, but Mr. Kanin has wisely kept it short. The publisher has helped out matters, too, by using several Al Hirschfeld cartoon drawings to break up the text, and enliven things in general.

The story concerns a group of four seedy chaps who conceive of a bright way to make several dollars by nudging themselves into the juke box game, and also by becoming recording entrepreneurs, thus being able to place their own records into their own juke boxes. They quite soon run afoul of another outfit engaged in much the same sort of business. They all have some good dirty fun stealing each other's "artists," and much of the excitement is provoked over who will eventually own Nan Needles, the sensational chanteuse of "Crazy as a Cricket."

Mr. Kanin, of course, is not doing anything particularly new in writing about some Broadway fallen angels in their own idiom. Damon Runyon was there before him, and so was John O'Hara with "Pal Joey." Kanin manages to be more up-to-date than Runyon, but not as biting as O'Hara. Now and then he gets some humor out of the vernacular, and while his story is inconsequential, it manages to be diverting pretty much all the way.
—HOLLIS ALPERT.

**CORRECTION:** *SR* regrets that an incorrect credit line was given for the photograph of Reginald Marsh which appeared on our December 24 cover. Credit properly belongs to Barbara Sutro.

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# Tragic Try

***"20 July," by Constantine FitzGibbon** (W. W. Norton. 285 pp. $3.75), is an account of the German plot on Adolf Hitler's life which offers some speculation on the consequences of its failure. Henry L. Bretton, assistant professor of political science at the University of Michigan and co-author of "German Democracy at Work," reviews it below.*

By Henry L. Bretton

ON JULY 20, 1944, a young German Colonel of the regular army, Count Claus Schenck von Stauffenberg, managed to smuggle a bomb within effective range of Adolf Hitler. This attempt on the dictator's life was the culmination of a series of plots, all frustrated, none very well prepared. The Colonel's bomb exploded but did not kill Hitler. The group of conspirators behind the attempt went into action nevertheless, haphazardly executing a set of plans but lacking strength and determination at the top and without adequate depth in organization soon found themselves ensnared by the smoothly working mechanism of the modern police state. The more fortunate of those who could not escape were either executed on the spot, as was Count Stauffenberg, or they committed suicide. The less fortunate survived to be subjected to tortures and methods of execution of a fiendishness which no civilized writer can bring himself to describe.

Constantine FitzGibbon's book "20 July" is an attempt to rescue the memory of these men, and of their cause, from oblivion. It is an impassioned plea to the free world not to dispose of the conspiracy as just another plot that failed, but to honor the conspirators as martyrs for the cause of freedom and human decency, and to recognize 20 July 1944 as a symbol of resistance to the totalitarian scourge of the twentieth century.

Mr. FitzGibbon bases his story partly on his war and postwar experiences and observations, but largely on memoirs, reports, and accounts of survivors, eye witnesses, and historians. There is little in this volume which is not already known to the student of German politics, particularly concerning the German resistance movement. Here and there a hitherto accepted detail is challenged, a new factor unearthed, an impression corrected; but the lack of source references tends to reduce the value of that part of Mr. FitzGibbon's work. However, his real contribution lies elsewhere, namely in the synthetic and analytic qualities of a superbly summarizing investigation, and particularly in his challenging reappraisal of the event in the light of the broad historical trends of our time.

Mr. FitzGibbon's portrayal of the major actors in the plot, his analysis of their personal motivations, and of the political and ideological backgrounds and orientations of the principal conspiratorial groups are convincing and are thoroughly adequate as bases for subsequent evaluations of the event. His style is exciting, imaginative, sincere. The key documents of the conspiracy, reproduced in the appendix, lend force to the basic argument of the book.

The author takes issue with those who maintain that it was just as well that the plot had failed, primarily on the grounds that success would only have meant replacement of a "political by a military junta." Digging deep into the background of the conspiracy, FitzGibbon shows that the men of 20 July represented considerably more than militarism. Actually, they represented a cross section of what should have been Germany's ruling class had it not been for the general moral degeneration brought on by a revolution the origins of which could be found as much outside of Germany as within. Among the rebels were Prussian landowners and socialist trade-union leaders, left- and right-wing politicians, Protestants and Jesuits, unmilitary soldiers, field marshals, and pacifists. Perhaps they were too diverse in background and orientation to conduct what would have amounted to a counter-revolution, but on one point the book leaves no doubt: nearly all were imbued with a deep sense of moral and social justice, with profound concern for the dignity of man—each in his own fashion—and, most relevant to our times, nearly all had been drawn into the opposition by a keen perception of the real meaning of totalitarianism, brown and red.

Once the author has reached this plateau, it is not difficult for him to launch an assault on the summit. Did the Western Allies—that is, Great Britain and the United States—act wisely when they turned down the emissaries of the German resistance movement, insisting instead on unconditional surrender to the bitter end? Mr. FitzGibbon strongly suggests that the Western powers allowed themselves to be duped into rejecting the only real chance to save Europe from Communism. Whether their decision against collaboration with the Germans was based on fear of another Nazi-Soviet pact—which FitzGibbon discounts—or on inadequate intelligence, on "woolly sentimentalizing" about anti-fascism, or even on infatuation with Stalin's Russia, is left to the reader to decide. On one count, however, the book is quite explicit: While it may forever be debated whether the West lost or gained by refusing to support the German resistance movement, the murder of some five thousand members of Germany's intelligentsia by the totalitarian underworld must be scored as a gain for Communism.

THE men of 20 July may not have been paragons of virtue. Undoubtedly, some were unprincipled opportunists. Political tendencies among them ranged from monarchism, oligarchism, to social democracy. The democrats in the group certainly were not of the New England town meeting variety. Yet, none can be refused identification with Western civilization. The author does not deny that the Western Allies had valid reasons for applying caution. He merely suggests that acceptance of the proffered hand of the German resistance movement at some point between 1938 and July 20, 1944 could not possibly have resulted in a peace worse than the one we now suffer.

FitzGibbon—"was the West dupe

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# Old Europe Dies

***"The Lamps Went Out in Europe," by Ludwig Reiners*** *(translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Pantheon Books. 310 pp. $5), describes the coming of the First World War. Below it is reviewed by Professor Fritz Stern of Columbia University's history department.*

By Fritz Stern

SIR EDWARD GREY'S lament upon the outbreak of the First World War, that "the lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime" was more prophetic than even he could have realized. He could not have known that the war which had then just begun would last four years, involve all the world, destroy ancient monarchies and annihilate millions of men, and that the very horror of the war would bring in its train new calamities: a proletarian revolution in a potentially powerful country, a shattering of the world economy, and a fear of war which in the 1930s would make Europe stumble into appeasement and war again. In the darkness of that first war, historic Europe, hitherto the leader of the world, collapsed.

No wonder that politicians, publicists, and historians pounced on the question of "war guilt" and that the causes of the First World War became a protracted, somewhat wearisome historiographical problem. In recent years there has been less interest in that topic, and Dr. Ludwig Reiners's "The Lamps Went Out in Europe" is a not altogether successful revival of the theme. The author, a German industrialist and amateur historian, has written a breezy survey of the period 1890-1918, from William's wilful dismissal of Bismarck to his own pathetic abdication, concentrating on the foibles and blunders of the men of power, with anecdotes and gossip, skirting the really tough problems of that age. Not much stress is missing from these pages, but Dr. Reiners's historical ambition profits him from fully indulging in the biographical minutiae of princes and statesmen, and we are left with a book that is a blend of serious history and lighthearted entertainment.

But the promise of the jacket that the book will investigate "Fate or Folly—the Blundering that led to the World War I" is only partially fulfilled. Fate is an elusive, metaphysical concept, and folly tends to be episodic and superficial. But consistent folly, representing not mere human frailty but some deeper reality, some persistent failure of society, can very well turn into fate, and it is a pity that Dr. Reiners lingers over superficial, innocent folly, forgetting that these, too, may have causes. To explore this relationship of surface folly to underlying tensions could have been especially useful in his lengthy treatment of prewar Germany, but he rarely makes the effort.

Dr. Reiners treats the great figures of European politics with remarkable fairness and balance, and often characterizes them with a telling epigram as well. The Kaiser, that dazzling, imperial version of the "other-directed man," is pictured in all his blustering folly, and Reiners's conclusion that "no revolutionary ever did so much harm to the idea of monarchy as did Wilhelm II" is just. By virtue of being the boisterous ruler of the strongest continental country, William dominated the European stage, but lesser players, such as Count Berchtold, Admiral Tirpitz, and Iswolski, had probably much more to do with the final disaster than the well-intentioned Kaiser.

It is only human for Dr. Reiners, writing after Germany's catastrophic defeat in the Second World War, to look back upon the days before 1914 with envy and affectionate bemusement. To varying degree we all feel that those were the good old days of peace, prosperity, and comfort, and—to paraphrase Talleyrand's remark about the *ancien régime*—that only those who had a taste of them can know how beautiful life can really be. What Dr. Reiners fails to do, and what a historian will some day have to do, is to analyze the subterranean, revolutionary forces even in that society, to show why the lamps which were snuffed out in the war had already grown dimmer in the seemingly carefree decades before.

—Acme.

The Lion of Judah and Elizabeth II—"he built roads, a constitution, the currency . . . an international showpiece."

# Indomitable Negus

***"The Lion of Judah Hath Prevailed," by Christine Sandford*** *(Macmillan. 184 pp. $3.75), is a biography of Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia. Professor Carleton S. Coon of the University of Pennsylvania, who reviews it below, is the author of "Measuring Ethiopia," and other books.*

By Carleton S. Coon

HAILE SELASSIE is without question one of the truly great leaders of history, comparable to Julius Caesar, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, and others whose names the reader can supply as he chooses. A small, very erect man with tiny hands and a magnificent face, he was born in Harrar, in the mountainous African land of Ethiopia, where his father was a provincial governor. Although not in line for the throne he was a member of the royal stock believed to be descended from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. At fifteen he was himself a governor, occupied with the task of bringing various pagan Gallas and other subject folk into line. At the time of World War I, Lij Yasu, the Empress's regent, flirted with Islam at the instigation of the Turks, and in the wave of indignation caused by this insult to Coptic Christianity, one of Ethiopia's principal religions, Haile Selassie won the regency. At the Empress's death in 1930 he ascended the throne. In 1934 the Italians attacked Ethiopia and Haile Selassie defended his country, even firing a machine gun with his own hands for two days and a night. After his exile in England he returned early in World War II to turn out the Italians and re-

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establish his command. Most recently he has taken over Eritrea.

At the time of his accession Ethiopia was without motor roads. Local chiefs and provincial governors often defied the central government. Slaves were still being led across the country for shipment to Arabia, and domestic slavery was common. There was no parliament. The school system was rudimentary. Although the Italians left many roads, he built more. He voluntarily gave his people a constitution, chose splendid advisers from many different countries, built hospitals, schools, and a university college, and established a sound fiscal system with a new currency. He also pacified his rivals among local chiefs, and introduced an efficient police force. He has, in brief, converted what was a backward nation into one which is more modern than certain others in the United Nations, and made it in certain respects an international showpiece. This he has done almost single-handed.

All this is told in "The Lion of Judah Hath Prevailed," a detailed biography of Haile Selassie from his birth on July 23, 1892 to his silver jubilee in 1955. Its author, Christine Sandford, is the wife of Brigadier General Sandford, who "has been connected with Ethiopia since 1913 as British consul, advisor to the Emperor, and director-general of Addis Ababa municipality." The book was written with the full cooperation of the Ethiopian Government, which furnished her a wealth of documents, in order that she might present it to His Majesty on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee. With this help she has been able to quote long passages from the Emperor's proclamations.

Although obviously written primarily for an Ethiopian audience and particularly for the edification and pleasure of the Emperor himself, it is also a valuable historical document for non-Ethiopian readers, in view of its conspicuous authenticity and meticulous detail. It is also written with simplicity and clarity and the photographs, drawn from many sources, are well chosen. An Ethiopian audience may not need a map in such a book, nor an account of the geography, ethnography, and racial history of this most interesting, complex, and still little known country, but at least one map and one chapter on the subjects named above would make the book more comprehensible to non-Ethiopians, particularly those who have not been fortunate enough to go there.

I wish that Mrs. Sandford had modelled Haile Selassie in three dimensions by making him a little more human. Once she has him remark at the sight of a dead camel, "You too have died for Ethiopia," and on the occasion of his return to his palace after the Italians had left, she has him admit that he was emotionally moved. But that is all. Our own George Washington cut down his father's cherry tree. Hasn't the Lion of Judah ever made one tiny little mistake in his whole life, that non-Ethiopians could love him for?

# Chicago POW

**DIE GROSSE AMERIKANISCHE TRAUM:** When German veterans of World War II write about their experiences they seem to feel an obligation to show that they never believed in Hitler, that they were simply patriotically doing their duty just as the Allied soldiers were.

This necessity for self-exculpation bothers Reinhold Pabel, author of **"Enemies Are Human"** (Winston, $3.50), too, but it does not submerge his fantastic story. Pabel escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp in Illinois near the end of the war, went to Chicago, and, after wangling a social-security card, proceeded to act out the great American dream. Starting as a dishwasher and then working as a clerk he finally got enough capital together to open a bookstore. Being a bookish fellow and a former theological student, he found this life so congenial that he settled down and married an American girl. What had been first merely a cover for a fugitive quickly became a way of life, and Pabel was perfectly content to go on forever when, unhappily for him, the FBI finally walked in on him, long after the war was over. His fight to remain in the United States showed that he had truly become an American, and he was eventually allowed to re-enter as a *bona fide* immigrant.

Not all of the book is devoted to the nervous, yet curiously comfortable life of a Wehrmacht man in Chicago. Pabel writes in vivid detail of his service on the Russian front as a sergeant, and of the Anzio battle as seen from the German side. He also tries, with not too much success, to explain the psychology of the average German during the years of Hitler's waxing power. Although he says little that illuminates this problem he does succeed in putting himself across as a wry, humorous, and honest man.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 12, 19, 11, 15, 13, 18, 9, 7, 20, 6, 16, 17, 1, 14, 4, 3, 10, 2, 8, 5.

# Education

*Continued from page 16*

quality—gets little or no thanks. Students mostly just tolerate, parents criticize, politicians patronize, and the teacher's best friend usually turns out to be the loan office. Miss Dunn had her own troubles with the switchblade knife (she managed to confiscate one), but the pistol-pants hoodlums and tight-sweatered dolls of her classes provided for her a real blackboard jungle.

The schools are geared to the problem children, Miss Dunn feels, and they know it. Take Arthur, for example. His entrance into the study hall (relatively silent, of course) was spectacular: Wearing baby-blue pistol pants, a gray Homburg, and a undershirt, he shouted: "Um here Um here." He then sang numerous she-done-me-wrong songs, to the obvious delight of his fellows. Occasionally, he went to sleep, only punctuating the stillness with a loud snor or a belch.

But deeper down, Miss Dunn finds the core of the problem in the senseless evening courses teachers must take to advance. Her fictional tip for "next week's assignment" is uncomfortably close to fact: "Listen six daytime, child-centered radio programs, and show how they could used to impress upon your classes the need for regular amounts of Vitamin $B_1$ in their diet."

Miss Dunn ended up by believing that the trouble with the schools first John Dewey, and second progressive education. This is the most serious flaw in her book, not because progressive education is necessarily without faults (it has many) but because she has made it the scapegoat of all the overcrowding and mass work load, lack of parental discipline and effect of mass communication our present teen-aged generation. She is right when she says that the schools today fail to breed a moral sense but how can they mass produce especially when parents fail to plant it? Seeing a murder mystery television, and going out and reenacting it in gang warfare cannot be wholly blamed on progressive education. Seeing is a thousand times more potent to the adolescent mind than hearing; thus TV culture makes its mark without reference to teaching methods. And Miss Dunn partly contradicts herself on the work issue. Whether a school is progressive or conservative, it is equally hard to be "teacher, mother, psychologist, secretary, guidance director, and buddy to two hundred adolescents

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## Mr. Nobody

*Continued from page 10*

"No one's had a piece on Godfrey for six months, so I thought . . .")

A free-lance sees an editor with an idea or with six ideas, or he writes his ideas out as "queries." Business is then done, but in a curiously informal way. There are few contracts, signed agreements, formalities. One of the biggest magazines indicates its go-ahead with a letter which commits itself only to the extent of saying We'd like to take a look at that"; most magazines don't even bother to send a letter. Agreement is verbal, casual, and quick; a nod of the head is enough to get a man to pack his bags and head off for Sioux City or Singapore. But the nod is enough; in few businesses are promises more scrupulously honored.

Money, oddly enough, is rarely talked; and by free-lances with agents virtually not at all. A free-lance knows what an article should bring for such and such a magazine; unless he has an extraordinary scoop, he rarely bargains. A standard price for a big magazine is $1,000 for a 3,000 word piece; $1,500 is a good price; $2,000 and up not unusual for a special story. A free-lance's friends jostle when he tells them what he is for a piece, but they forget that it takes at least three and often six weeks to turn out a finished job, and that very few writers will turn out as many as twenty pieces a year.

In any case, even the most successful of them isn't in the game for the money. He's in it because, like his literary big brother who writes real estates and gets invited to publisher's soirées, he likes to write. Nor is the kind of writing in which he is skilled a simple craft. Magazine writing may not touch radiant heights, but it is terse, vigorous prose, and damn hard to turn out without a miss, ten to fifteen times a year. Excellent writers of fiction will often fall flat on a non-fiction assignment, for their style obtrudes too much: the magazine reader wants the story and not the story-teller to engage his attention. Magazine writing must be as nearly translucent as prose can be, and yet must possess a velvet texture; it must be as rigorously logical as a set of instructions, but can't read like one.

It is true, of course, that much of what is bland in the magazine stew comes from the practised hand of the free-lance, although the recipes of magazine publishing are only cooked and not concocted by him—perhaps if the cooking hand were not so artful the stew would have palled long ago. But much that comes from his typewriter is not so bland: the penetrating series on prisons and prison-life in the *Post* by John Bartlow Martin, the courageous piece on pressure in the schools which Arthur Morse wrote for *McCall's*, the Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award-winning civil liberties articles in *Redbook* by William Peters, Oscar Schisgall, and Andre Fontaine.

This is magazine journalism at its best—and the best needs no apology. Perhaps this is why the free-lance loves his profession, difficult, exasperating, insecure, and unrecognized as it is. His friends don't read his stuff, his wife stopped keeping his scrapbook years ago. No headwaiter ever heard his name and upped his table location accordingly. Never mind. America may not know who he is, but it listens to him, and there is a thrill in talking to your fellow-countrymen, even if they don't know it's you who's doing the talking.

## The Criminal Record

*The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

| e and Author | Crime, Place, and Sleuth | Summing Up | Verdict |
|---|---|---|---|
| RPION REEF<br>*rles Williams*<br>millan: $2.75) | Diary found in sloop abandoned off Yucatan reveals details of tense moments on Gulf cruise. | Aqualung plays big share in this salt-water thriller; tall blonde beauty aboard ship. | Swimmers will enjoy. |
| ADS I WIN<br>*ntin Downes*<br>oy: $2.50) | Tonsured decapitations baffle Yard authority, who follows rowdy trail to snag culprit. | Wild extravaganza involves much of London's murkier areas; cast large, lurid. | Cockney cocktail. |
| . MAIGRET<br>THE DEAD<br>GIRL<br>*ges Simenon*<br>Club: $2.75) | Body of mlle. found in Paris *place*; Sûreté bigwig sets usual wheels in motion. | Q&A throughout; much Pernod consumed; weather better than usual; cops human. | Wee mite tricky. |
| E FOR TWO<br>*by Frances and*<br>*d Lockridge*<br>incott: $3) | Eighteen yarns by eighteen authors, all from mags., wherein solutions are largely effected by teams. | Man-man, man-woman, even man-dog collaborations among techniques used. | Ingenious novelty. |

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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*(Continued on page 46)*

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# CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 45)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1138

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Certain command to troops on review (2 wds.). | 184 87 57 135 64 36 127 129 99 |
| B. Dressing tables with drawers, orig. intended to accompany highboys. | 152 32 16 110 29 46 62 |
| C. Property. | 103 115 45 173 55 191 |
| D. Systematic scheme of ideas about life. | 179 142 10 43 112 17 51 31 |
| E. Novelties for pure diversion (2 wds.). | 193 11 1 90 144 119 182 |
| F. Taro. | 78 146 120 13 42 107 18 56 21 |
| G. Endowed with certain dark-blue features (comp.). | 189 125 145 165 24 34 113 61 118 77 |
| H. Tidal motion (3 wds.). | 97 111 53 84 50 79 161 181 114 44 |
| I. Well wrapped, esp. about the face and neck (2 wds.). | 148 132 74 154 92 3 83 170 116 |
| J. Opening of abdication broadcast by Edward VIII (3 wds.). | 109 47 9 75 177 72 88 82 27 178 |
| K. Study of senile stages of a race of organisms. | 157 80 8 174 149 60 39 133 105 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| L. Work period from 4 P.M. to midnight, in establishments working 24 hours a day (2 wds.). | 147 69 65 141 187 86 35 171 160 155 |
| M. Discarded (2 wds.). | 91 134 117 14 143 22 100 54 68 |
| N. The red blood corpuscles regarded as a unit. | 151 130 25 172 2 30 23 81 |
| O. Certain kind of aerial conveyors for carrying skiers up a slope (2 wds.). | 138 67 140 192 95 102 49 123 5 167 |
| P. Limping away (2 wds.). | 175 162 63 108 76 89 71 158 131 59 40 |
| Q. Athena as giver of victory (2 wds.). | 4 122 38 166 137 12 128 190 58 101 73 |
| R. Enjoying the best of physical condition (3 wds.). | 70 126 164 19 7 136 85 37 98 |
| S. To preserve food by speedy chilling (comp.). | 169 33 188 94 150 28 121 26 159 104 185 |
| T. Specifying radio frequency from 300 to 3000 megacycles (comp.). | 15 183 124 163 20 48 156 66 6 |
| U. The southern part of a cathedral (2 wds.). | 93 186 153 168 106 180 96 52 176 41 139 |

## DIRECTIONS

*solve this puzzle you st guess twenty-odd ORDS, the definitions which are given in the umn headed DEFINI-ONS. Alongside each nition, there is a row dashes—one for each r in the required d. When you have sed a word, write it the dashes, and also e each letter in the espondingly numbered are of the puzzle ram. . . When the res are all filled in, will find that you completed a quota-from some published . If read up and n, the letters in the am have no mean-. . Black squares ate ends of words; re is no black square e right side of the am, the word carries to the next line. . . n all the WORDS lled in, their initial t spell the name of uthor and the title e piece from which uotation has been Of great help to lver are this acrostic e and the relative of words in the m as they develop. rity for spellings efinitions is Web-New International nary, Second Edi-*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 1 E | 2 N | 3 I | 4 Q | | 5 O | 6 T | 7 R | | 8 K | 9 J | 10 D | 11 E | 12 Q | |
| 13 F | 14 M | 15 T | | 16 B | 17 D | 18 F | | 19 R | 20 T | 21 F | | 22 M | 23 N | | 24 G | 25 N | |
| 26 S | 27 J | | 28 S | 29 B | 30 N | | 31 D | 32 B | 33 S | | 34 G | 35 L | 36 A | 37 R | 38 Q | | |
| 39 K | 40 P | | 41 U | 42 F | 43 D | 44 H | 45 C | 46 B | | 47 J | 48 T | 49 O | 50 H | 51 D | 52 U | | |
| 53 H | 54 M | 55 C | 56 F | 57 A | 58 Q | 59 P | 60 K | 61 G | 62 B | | 63 P | 64 A | 65 L | 66 T | 67 O | 68 M | |
| | 69 L | 70 R | 71 P | 72 J | 73 Q | | 74 I | 75 J | 76 P | 77 G | 78 F | 79 H | | 80 K | 81 N | | |
| 82 J | | 83 I | 84 H | 85 R | 86 L | 87 A | | 88 J | 89 P | 90 E | 91 M | 92 I | 93 U | | 94 S | 95 O | |
| 96 U | 97 H | 98 R | | 99 A | 100 M | 101 Q | | 102 O | 103 C | 104 S | 105 K | | 106 U | 107 F | | 108 P | |
| 109 J | 110 B | 111 H | 112 D | 113 G | | 114 H | 115 C | 116 I | 117 M | 118 G | 119 E | | 120 F | 121 S | 122 Q | 123 O | |
| 124 T | 125 G | 126 R | 127 A | | 128 Q | 129 A | 130 N | 131 P | 132 I | 133 K | 134 M | | 135 A | 136 R | 137 Q | 138 O | |
| 139 U | | 140 O | 141 L | 142 D | | 143 M | 144 E | 145 G | 146 F | — | 147 L | 148 I | 149 K | 150 S | 151 N | | |
| 152 B | 153 U | 154 I | 155 L | 156 T | 157 K | 158 P | | 159 S | 160 L | 161 H | 162 P | 163 T | 164 R | 165 G | 166 Q | 167 O | |
| 168 U | | 169 S | 170 I | 171 L | 172 N | 173 C | | 174 K | 175 P | 176 U | 177 J | | 178 J | 179 D | 180 U | 181 H | |
| | 182 E | 183 T | 184 A | 185 S | 186 U | | 187 L | 188 S | 189 G | 190 Q | 191 C | | 192 O | 193 E | | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 22 of this issue.



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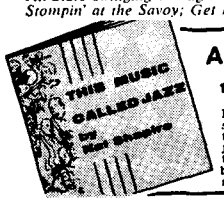


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